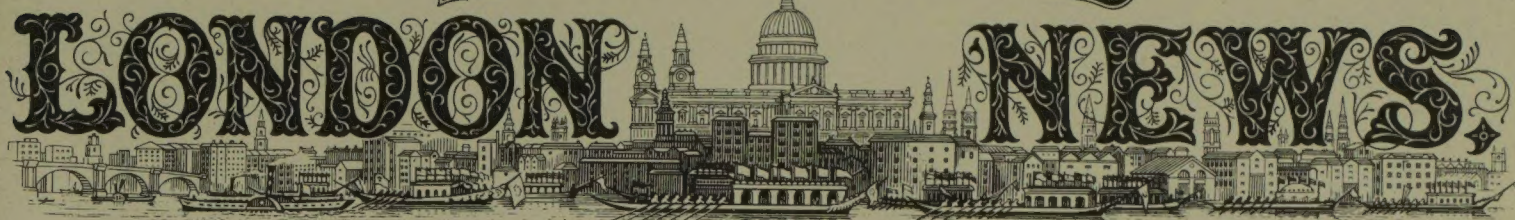


July 1987

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THE ILLUSTRATED



# Who saved Prince Philip's face during Profumo?



*Stephen Ward  
at Buckingham Palace  
61*

Burnet by Steadman • Hockney by Core • Magritte by Melly • Food by Amis





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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

NUMBER 7068 VOLUME 275 JULY 1987



*Alastair BURNET*  
*Ralph Steadman*



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# EDITOR'S LETTER

A man with a lot of letters after his name has written to *The Illustrated London News* to remind us that we covered the sinking of the CSS *Alabama* off Cherbourg in the summer of 1864. He wondered if we might at some stage care to carry a follow-up story.

It is slightly unnerving for a new editor to find that his readers have such long and fastidious memories. For since the *Alabama*, a confederate ship, was blown up by the *Kearsarge*, a United States gunboat, much has happened which would normally be expected to obscure the incident. Two World Wars have passed, the atomic bomb has entered middle age and the world's population has expanded so fast that it now doubles every 15 years. Nonetheless, there are still those such as Mr Craig Lang BSc (Eng) PE, the author of the letter, who have been keeping a watchful eye on the waters north of Cherbourg and waiting for us to complete the coverage initiated on July 2, 1864.

It has to be said that there are not many sources available on this story and eventually we were forced to return to Mr Lang for some sort of answer. Briefly, the news is this: The CSS *Alabama*'s deck has collapsed under the weight of silt but the rest of it is in quite good order. It is well preserved and Mr Lang and others are hoping to raise the vessel and put it on show at Birkenhead, where it was built.

Doubtless Mr Lang will be as vigilant about the course of *The Illustrated London News* as he is about 19th-century naval matters. There will be a few changes to the magazine over the coming months and I hope that he and other readers will let us know what they think about them. One change is this, the Editor's Letter, a device more often used in America to introduce the contents of a publication and explain how they came to be included. I also plan to use it to discuss subjects which are either too small or too well-covered to merit full-length features.

Nothing, perhaps, qualifies better for the second category than the British General Election which dominated last month to such a degree that other events and issues were swept from the public's field of vision. This was not because the British electorate was especially involved or

enthusiastic about the proceedings, but rather because television governed the campaign as never before. At times it seemed as if the entire agenda for debate had been set by and for the television reporters and commentators. This cannot be healthy because it gives the elector the impression that the democratic process is an occasional fixture held between the media and politicians, and that he has as much bearing on the outcome as, say, a spectator at Wimbledon. In some ways the media cannot be blamed since all the parties decided from the outset that they would run a television campaign, which in the case of the Labour leader, Neil Kinnock, was spectacularly successful. The polls recorded a huge rise in the effectiveness of his presentation, although of course there was nothing especially new or substantial in what he said. It was simply that the cameras and microphones were kinder to him than to his opponents.

A less obvious result of television's pre-eminence was the failure of the Alliance to put its case. Television favours confrontation between two sides of an argument and it does not seem capable of accommodating a third view. Thus, rather than creating a separate identity for themselves, the Alliance candidates were often forced to add their voices rather meekly to one side or the other, according to their stand in the opinion polls of the day.

It was a sad and impotent performance which was matched in a different way by Fleet Street. During election time the national Press used to be a forum and force; this summer has seen it relegated to the second division of influence. True, it carried more on the election than ever before, but the coverage was predictable and unilluminating except, interestingly, in the case of the newspapers founded in the last two years.

So, in fact, the Press does have itself partly to blame for television's dominance. Its acute partiality in 1983 was responsible for the Labour Party's decision to exclude newspapers from its calculations and confidence and to address its real effort to TV. I say it is sad because during a three-week campaign the Press really does have a role to play. It can provide a close examination of what the parties are offering and in the end give much

surer judgments than are produced by the perspiring and fatigued individuals who occupy the campaign studio.

The one thing that elections do is to fill space and airtime, which for the media at least is very desirable. The consumption of material by the television and Press is so great during the times when there are not 1,500 election candidates available to talk at any time of the day or night, that many ingenious devices have grown up to feed the appetite. The rise of the anniversary is an example of this. Barely a day goes by when we are not celebrating an anniversary of some sort. It may be anything from a war to the release of a Beatles record or the introduction of cat's-eyes to British roads. Many are obviously frivolous, but some do provide a legitimate excuse for reappraisal. We mark two anniversaries in this issue. The first, which is by design, is the 50th birthday of David Hockney, while the second, which emerged by chance in the research of a profile of the newscaster Sir Alastair Burnet, is the 20th anniversary of his programme *News at Ten*.

I have to admit that I cannot get excited by the latter although I do find Jane Ellison's portrait of Sir Alastair enlightening, especially in the way that she has matched the range of his influence with his persistent displays of modesty. Philip Core's reassessment of Hockney is fascinating. He has remorselessly scrutinized the myths about Hockney's personality, his gift for public relations and the glibness of his work. I would think twice before becoming Mr Core's subject matter.

There are two other innovations this month. We have enlarged the property section because the continuing rise in house prices in London over the last two years is a very big story and it should receive constant coverage. The economic implications of a 40-50 per cent rise since 1985 are enormous and one only has to look at Japan to see how the property market in Tokyo can affect the world economy.

The other new feature is a column at the back of the magazine which is entitled Wit's End. This is not meant to be an expression of exasperation but rather of humour. This month Oliver Pritchett advocates a summer holiday at home watching the tomatoes grow ○





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The 16-valve GTi Golf and Jetta.

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**GTi 16v**







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For all its advanced technology the basic principles behind Dinorwig's design are easy to explain.

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The generators can be delivering their maximum output within seconds.

The water is collected in a lower reservoir and pumped back up through the turbines at night, when electricity demand reduces, ready for re-use.

As you can see, the principle behind preserving the beauty of the environment needs no explanation at all.



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# HIGHLIGHTS

## Hockney at 50: is the hype wearing off?

When Pablo Picasso was a young man he invented Cubism, creating an epoch in modern art. At 50, David Hockney spends his time attempting to re-apply Cubism to the pseudo-Expressionist genre of our own day. This is the fruition of a 30-year obsession with Picasso, the original bad boy, whose stature as a draughtsman and pre-eminent iconoclast as an artist have always supplied Hockney's creative yardstick. However, in the light of that august comparison (originated by the artist, himself), shadows have fallen both on the nature of Hockney's own youthful achievement, and on the sources from which his style has sprung.

When Hockney was a young man, he was, above all things, *young*. Freed from his sympathetic but inartistic Bradford background, Hockney at the Royal College of Art revelled in the possibilities inherent in his position. He felt the current, not so much of Pop Art as Pop Culture in the air; he was one of that generation of whom Chamel said in 1958, "Twenty years ago no one had ever heard of the Young"; he was gay in the years that led to Wolfenden.

All these elements sparkled in his early pictures, where, more than any other, he made fun of the high seriousness of Modernism in the personality they emerged as an original type—camp but serious-minded, visual but literary—which suited the times to a T-shirt. But was all this an isolated phenomenon? Was Hockney as American, brash and daring as his audience felt? Or was he utterly English, part of a long 20th-century tradition seen from a new angle?

A good example of this can be glimpsed in the portrait drawing of Cecil Beaton commissioned in 1960. By that point Hockney had established a market for his line-drawings of famous people, executed in pencil or ink in a style based on 1920s Picasso, which appealed to connoisseurs and seemed "new" to the visually unlettered. Beaton—himself a personality artist who had emerged as a young man in a whirl of glittering, disguising mundane origins—sat for a few of these, but none worked well.

Eventually, Hockney took a hard pencil and drew a delicate, Holbein-esque portrait unlike anything else in his contemporary oeuvre. Beaton was as superficial a talent as could be, but possessed an unfailing critical eye for the best. Faced with that daunting

glance, Hockney clearly reached outside his affections for an originality he had not yet demonstrated in the genre. Is it possible he suddenly saw the resemblance between his own "realist" drawings copied from photographs, and those of his sitter? The line is the same, and Hockney—whose greatest talent is the one Jean Cocteau defined by writing, "When they despise something you do, cherish it, it is yourself"—was clever enough to procure away from the obvious comparison. This is the attitude of a designer, not a painter.

The Beaton commission suggests one of the central pins of Hockney's position: photography. His generation also includes David Bailey, Jean Shrimpton, Richard Hamilton and others whose eminence depends on both manipulation of, and appearance in, the filmed image. Indeed, part of Hockney's behaviour was his awareness of the fashionable, journalistic nature of the 1960s, his graphic ability and his sense of "making an entrance" (receiving a prize at college, for instance, in gold lane with a matching shopping bag). His world saw life as a fashion magazine and applied the rules of PR to art. One of the results was that editors began to see fashion magazines as life, seeking out the craze and the outrageous to enliven their pages. Warhol in New York, Hockney in London, fitted the bill to perfection and followed accordingly. Was this phenomenon that suggested the increased use of photography in Hockney's neo-Realist work?

The discovery of photographic history, the development of more sophisticated episcopes (opaque projectors) and cheaper Polaroids, the pursuit of Pop ephemera—these were all events of the 1960s. They were accompanied by ponderous critical debate over the use of photography by artists, especially when the early 1970s in America saw Photo-realism emerge from the same Middle Western art colleges where Hockney had been teaching. A certain insecurity about "copying" photographs remains in all Hockney's comments on the subject (after all English artists since Tonks are supposed to *draw*). Hockney usually maintains that he took a lot of photographs, did a drawing, and then painted a picture, even in cases where the main point of interest in the finished work was how obviously it was painted over a projected image.



FRANK SWANSON

This ambiguity about his craft is a symptom of Hockney's increasing pomposity, representing a change from the devil-may-care brashness of his earlier acts, to the bow-tied, beret-wearing prototype of "The Artist" he has been playing since the mid 1970s. It is this persona who once seriously told a younger painter of very dark canvases, "You know, there is no black in nature", as if that remark were original and to be revered, rather than a cliché. Hockney was painting in Paris then, and obviously felt an Impressionist stance was *de rigueur*.

It is a pity this attitude (which has endeared Hockney to members of the Establishment in England who want art without emotion, but Realist art without intimidation) obscures the outsider tradition to which the artist really belongs. Like Augustus John in England and Balthus in France, Hockney affirms a classical belief in drawing and painting in his work, but retains the patina of daring because of his eccentric personality. Also like these artists his best work is decorative.

In his illustrations (and he is a great printmaker) Hockney shows the feyness, decorativeness, and eroticism which make him an outsider in a cold culture; unfortunately, he also demonstrates the mannerisms, oblique expression of emotion, and worldliness which have been all too easily imitated by his commercial clones. He is likely to be remembered for his palm trees, checked table-

## "UNFORTUNATELY, LACK OF SELF-DISCIPLINE HAS LED TO STUDENT-LEVEL PASTICHE"

cloths and swimming pools, when he could have stood for such strong statements as the early, Whitman-based canvas *Two boys together clinging* or the bitter, invitational graffito *I will love you at 8 o'clock*.

Perhaps the sad finale of his publicly conducted affair with American painter Peter Schlesinger turned Hockney towards a more self-consciously historicist practice, though his chilly, unemotional picture of his lover (*Tarzan*) makes one wonder just what his emotions were. At any rate, historicism was certainly the basis of his highly acclaimed theatre work.

A commission from Glyndebourne—that campiest and most exclusive of all English musical events—led to pastiche sets for Stravinsky's *Rake's Progress*, done—like Rex Whistler's *The Three*

*penny Opera* in the 1930s—to imitate 18th-century engravings. Here the mixture of many styles in one image, which was among the most delightful characteristics of Hockney's early work, found its proper outlet. Cut-out furniture, jokes about perspective, costumes with drawing on them—all these design elements extended the witty technical mixtures Hockney had utilized in his own modern-day *Rake's Progress* engravings. Unfortunately, lack of self-discipline has led to more recent work—for the ballet *Parade* and the opera *Le Rostropovich*—which is merely student-level pastiche of the Picasso and Matisse originals.

Stylistic pastiche is inevitable in the theatre: it was Hockney says such things as "I've reinvented Cubism for our times" about work of which is miles removed from the idiom, when one wishes he would rediscover his sense of humour. Perhaps his tragedy, rather like that of Augustus John, is that when a rebel is elected to the Establishment, because he *is* a rebel, it is hard for him to know what to react against. If you are a Modernist, that act of rebellion is essential to your validity; without it, you become a rebel without a cause.

The "reinvention" of Cubism was a statement issued to describe Hockney's photomontage pictures. An offshoot of his photoartist painting, these consisted of continuous shots snapped around an object and pieced together to form a paradox picture. Many photographers had tried this

before, but Hockney marketed it successfully. The canvases that relate to these products resemble Matisse's *La Danse* in colouring and drawing, Picasso's *Guernica* in perspective. They are primarily educational, reminiscent of great Modernist works all too often forgotten by today's Berlin-oriented gallery-goer. The tone of discovery with which Hockney has discussed them in the media makes it hard to take seriously work whose sources are so obvious, and so unacknowledged.

But perhaps the real question Hockney raises, as a person and an artist, is the role we assign to the painter. Is he a naïve—the nice north country boy, ploddingly devoted to his craft and canny about cash—or is he a sophisticated, a dandy figure, using other people's ideas to promote his own ego? What makes Hockney memorable is his blend of both these elements, which could have fused so successfully only in the 1960s.

For his birthday, the good faeries gave Hockney many gifts: charm, energy, cannyness, confidence, skill, perspicacity—but the bad fairy seems to have ordained that, in middle age he would prick his finger on a Picasso and fall asleep in an intellectual Paris surrounded by a thicket of Cubist forms, with an entire section of his generation for company. In this case Prince Charming himself has fallen asleep.

At 50, it is time he woke up.

PHILIP CORE

## Speaking the same language

The international language Esperanto celebrates its centenary at the end of July. This fact may leave some feeling a little flat, but esperantists feel they have much to rejoice in, not least the extraordinary persistence of the inventor, Dr Ludwig Zamenhof, a Polish Jew who lived in Warsaw. His first version of Esperanto was burnt by his father who felt that Ludwig should have spent his time more profitably. Undeterred, he reappplied himself to the task and eventually published a Russian-Esperanto dictionary on July 26, 1887.

Although the language would seem to be a perfectly harmless cause, there have been many who have felt the same way as Zamenhof senior and the centenary literature of the British Esperanto Association makes the occasional dark reference to violent persecution. Today persecution is more likely to take the not less hurtful form of indifference. But not in the Houses of Parliament where some 200 MPs and peers regularly meet to discuss the language, perhaps in an attempt to find a common means of communication.

Naturally, the main festivities will take place in Warsaw where 7,000 esperantists will gather for a week of jubilation at the end of the month. British esperantists, however, are holding an exciting warm-up at the Bloomsbury Theatre from July 3 to 5 which will include a version of *Question Time*, and singing from the Esperanto choir and a Welsh Male Voice Choir who have been learning Esperanto pronunciation for the occasion. Undoubtedly the highlight will be a performance of Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest* which has been translated by the novelist William Adair and is rendered as *La Gravuro de la Fidelejo*. Doubtless there is a lot of Esperanto wit in it which will keep the esperantists laughing. Here is the famous handbag excerpt.

*English version:*

LADY BRACKNELL: Where did the charitable gentleman who had a first-class ticket for this seaside resort find you? JACK: In a handbag.

LADY BRACKNELL: A handbag? JACK: Yes, Lady Bracknell, I was in a handbag—a somewhat large, black leather handbag with handles to it—an ordinary handbag with flaps.

*Esperanto version:*

LEONIDO MAESTRI: Kie la bonfama Sinjoro kiu havas unuaklasan bileton al tiu apudmaro banurbo trovis vin? JOJOJO EN VALZO.

JOJOJO MAESTRI: Valzo? JOJOJO: Jes, Lordino Bracknel. Mi estis en valzo—ion granda nigra leda valzo kun teniloj—ordinara valzo, fakte.

HENRY PORTER





*Throwing...*



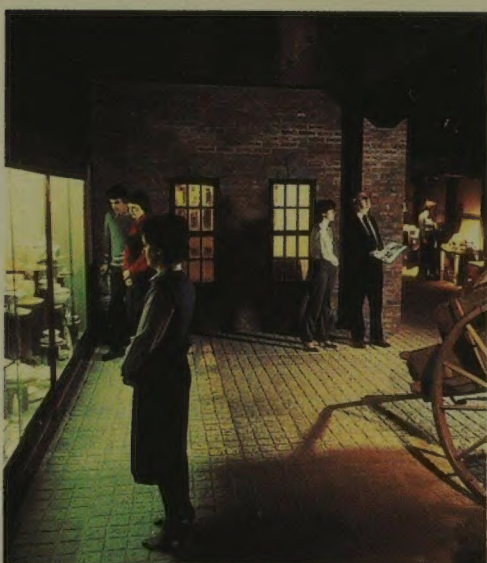
*Enamelling...*



*Gilding...*



*Moulding...*



*Looking...*



*Learning...*



*...And inwardly digesting.*



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At the Wedgwood Visitor Centre Barlaston, you'll find a craft centre, a museum, an art gallery, a cinema, a restaurant, 'Wedgwood Shop' and plenty of free parking. Just south of Stoke-on-Trent, it's a ten minute drive from the M6 and the trains run regularly. There's no need to book unless it's a large party, in which case please telephone the Tours Supervisor on 0782 204218/204141. The visitor centre is open throughout the year, including Bank Holidays, (closed Christmas week and New Year's Day). Times of opening: Mon-Fri: 9.00am-5.00pm; Sat: 10.00am-4.00pm. Josiah Wedgwood & Sons Limited, Barlaston, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire ST12 9ES.



# The rude and unrepentant King

The Queen, Prince Philip, and their senior advisers at Buckingham Palace, who soldiered through the 1980 desert campaign in Morocco, must be bracing themselves for another round of torture by timetable in mid-July, when King Hassan II is here for his long-planned state visit.

There must be a few people here and there in the world who share the guilty secret of having kept the British monarch and her consort waiting for a minute or two, in the course of their many royal tours. But there is nothing to touch the all-time record established by King Hassan in October, 1980, when he was expected for dinner on board the royal yacht *Britannia* and kept the Queen waiting for one hour and 25 minutes.

What she said to the dawdling King, who had slept in late that day at one of his nine palaces, can only be imagined, because the Buckingham Palace team has maintained tight-lipped silence from that day to this. All I have been able to glean is that the conversation, across the dinner table aboard *Britannia*, was halting, frigid and brief. Nor is it denied, at the Palace, that there was a touch of deliberate irony in the line which appeared later in the Queen's bread-and-butter letter to Hassan. It read: "We have been especially touched by the way Your Majesty took such a personal interest in our programme."

The significant point is that the Palace in London chose to reveal this choice morsel.

The Queen and her family are not alone in awaiting the Hassan state visit with some apprehension. The Lord Mayor of London and his 700 guests attending the Guildhall banquet would be well advised to bring paperbacks and water flasks, if Hassan runs true to form.

A BBC correspondent, invited with his film crew to the Rabat palace, reckons to have done relatively well. After hastening to Morocco in response to an imperious summons, he was told by the King's *chef de cabinet*

(who was also his brother-in-law) to wait at the hotel for a phone call. Seven days passed. Then came a royal command to be on hand at short notice, at 2pm. Five hours passed, after the deadline, when they were sent back to the hotel. Same formula the next day, except that when the five hours had passed, the King suddenly made his entrance, bringing with him his courtiers, his entire cabinet and most of the *corps diplomatique*—a total of 72 people.

On the basis of this track record, the Queen, the team at No 10 Downing Street, the Lord Mayor and the head of Scotland Yard, not to mention MI5, had better be braced for some shocks here, from July 14 to 17 inclusive.

Senior bankers and baffled political leaders have left Rabat without ever seeing King Hassan, despite firm appointments. According to a financial journalist I know, who has been through the obstacle course at Fez, the reason is that the King's day begins not at a fixed time but simply the hour he awakes, which is usually near noon. His staff have instructions then to take his appointments in the order booked.

It was Louis XVIII who is supposed to have coined the phrase about "L'exactitude est la politesse des rois", and it was our monarch's grandfather, George V, who dined into his children and grandchildren that punctuality is the courtesy of kings. But Hassan, despite his studies at the Sorbonne (where his thesis was on Machiavelli's *The Prince*) seems to enjoy ignoring the rule. Friends say it is his way of reminding ordinary folk of his majestic lineage. He is 17th in a line of Alawite monarchs who have ruled as well as reigned, since 1649. The throne goes back more than 1,000 years and his titles include Commander of the Faithful, Monarch of the Kingdom of the Far West, and Khalifat Allah Fi'ilard—Deputy of God upon Earth.

He has survived two spectacular



King Hassan of Morocco—Deputy of God upon Earth.

assassination attempts. One, during his birthday party at his seaside palace near Casablanca, led to the death of more than 100 of his guests. Another involved a dozen rebel officers of the Moroccan Air Force.

The pilots of three jets came in with rockets as his civilian plane was returning from a trip to Paris. Two of its three engines were hit. The King faked death, slumping over his seat in the cockpit, telling the crew to call out on the radio that Hassan was dead and asking mercy in the name of Allah, so they could land safely and see their families again. The rebels complied, landed triumphantly, were promptly arrested by the royal bodyguard and shot within the hour.

With one third of its 24 million people living below the poverty line, no oil revenues, mounting deficits,

soaring unemployment, blatant corruption at court, and an out-of-control birth rate, Morocco would seem ripe for revolution. Indeed, a leaked CIA report in 1979 gave Hassan less than a year to go. But he survives.

Defence Secretary Weinberger is just the latest in a line of Western envoys who have been to pay court. The King played host to the secret talks in Rabat in 1976, starting with the visit of Yitzhak Rabin, which led to the Sadat visit to Israel and the peace treaty a year later. He is highly regarded in London and Washington and that, despite his disdainful attitude to clocks and diaries, is enough to justify asking the Queen to face the hazards of Hassan once again.

PATRICK KEATLEY

## Getting back to Bach



On July 20 the Jacques Loussier Trio will appear at the Barbican Hall. It is more than 20 years now since Loussier, left, a classically trained pianist with jazz leanings, conceived the whimsical idea that Bach was a closet improviser, a sort of outliner to the jazz muse, whose music would lend itself painlessly to the processes of syncopation. And the logical processes of Bach's march from discord to resolution, the grave beauty of his patterns, do bear a resemblance to the sort of harmonic sequences beloved of jazz musicians.

Many popular musicians before him had done the "swinging the

classics" trick with varying degrees of success. Loussier wanted to make Bach swing, but he hoped also to retain that purity of thought for which Bach is revered. The odd thing is that Loussier succeeded. The succession of albums and concerts did exactly what he had hoped. They pleased the jazz fancier and offended no one with a true affection for Bach.

But there is only so much any musician can do when constricted by the works of one composer, and the time came when Loussier and his "Play Bach" trio decided to break away from the divine blandishments of the old boy and make some differ-

ent sounds. In 1978 Loussier disbanded the trio and began featuring the work of other writers.

For the tercentenary of Bach's birth in 1985 Loussier formed a new trio to play the old repertoire. An album followed entitled "The Best of Play Bach". In 1986 came "Bach to the Future", and earlier this year "Reflections of Bach".

Those who think they remain unaffected by Jacques Loussier's muse may be surprised to discover that the music for that beguiling television ad for Hamlet cigars is his work.

BENNY GREEN



# The Hollywood drop-out

Most film directors have to struggle for years to become a success. With Bob Rafelson, whose new film *Black Widow* opens on July 24, the opposite is true. He began effortlessly as a commercial success and had to work with immense dedication to become a highly respected failure.

In the mid 1960s Rafelson was a bright young TV writer when he was snapped up by Universal Studios to think up something that would appeal to the children's audience. With a friend called Bert Schneider he invented a pop group called the Monkees. He had never directed before and, in his own words, "these were boys who had had little acting experience, if any". But they based them on the Beatles, borrowed the flashy pop style of their *A Hard Day's Night* and instantly had a massive hit.

Rafelson also made a feature film with the Monkees in which he set out to prove what a fake the Monkees were. The result—*Head*—was a significant addition to the counter culture but it failed in the US and was not shown commercially in Britain.

Having committed commercial suicide, he and Bert Schneider then almost casually produced one of the most successful films of all time: *Easy Rider*, which was made for \$350,000 and grossed \$35 million.

But in the 19 years since *Head* Rafelson has directed just five films, all to be shown at the National Film Theatre this month. A couple of them (*Five Easy Pieces* and *The King of Marvin Gardens*) have been masterpieces, none has made much money, but they have launched a series of actors on hugely successful careers:



Bob Rafelson: a director who committed commercial suicide.

Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, Sally Field, Arnold Schwarzenegger, Jessica Lange. But Rafelson himself never seems to have been sufficiently seduced by Hollywood to stay in the fast lane for long enough. He keeps dropping out. After *Marvin Gardens* he spent a couple of years hitching round the deep south of America and West Africa researching a project about slavery.

He made a return to the commercial world to direct *The Postman Always Rings Twice*. This was chiefly

notable for his typically bizarre boast that he would shoot the sex scenes as an X and then edit them to fit the milder-rated American R category. But then after that he dropped out again for six years to travel, climb mountains and play basketball.

Rafelson hasn't decided whether he's a commercial or an art film director. This has led to some interesting movies but Hollywood prefers people to make up their minds.

SEAN FRENCH

# Islington against the Contras

McFarlane, Poindexter, North—all that Irangate business seems miles away. Not so, at least in the boroughs of Hackney and Islington where the Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign (NSC) is making a big noise. Islington is renowned for its minority causes, like SNIP—Society for Neutering Islington's Pussies—but this particular one is out to catch more than a few stray cats.

Its method is music. On July 19, to celebrate the anniversary of the 1979 revolution which toppled Somoza, the Style Council will open a three-night pop festival at the Academy Theatre in Brixton. The Jazz Defectors and Zinica—a band from Nicaragua—will play, too. Radio 1's DJs, John Peel and Andy Kershaw, are heavily promoting the event. British DJs are not noted for their political profiles, so the Sandinistas come as a bit of a surprise after Stoke Mandeville and Swap Shop.

The Campaign boasts other famous names. Sponsors include Tony Benn, Barbara Castle, Julie Christie, Lord Gifford, Graham Greene, David Steel, several Rt-Revds and even the Co-op's Royal Arsenal branch.

Funds raised at Brixton will go to the "Blood Money—Stop Reagan's Contra Funding Campaign" being run by the NSC this year. While Reagan calls the Contras "freedom fighters", the campaigners argue that the Contras are fighting to destroy the freedom won by the Nicaraguan people in 1979.

The Campaign earns a regular weekly income of £600-£700 from its Club Sandino in Islington. This Latin-American night-spot is always a sell-out. Music again. After deducting running costs for its headquarters in Beviden Street, the Campaign sends its earnings to the organization "Nicaragua Must Survive" based in Managua. This was set up in 1985; a year later it had already received £150,000 worth of goods from the British Campaign.

Some supporters even go to Nicaragua. Calling themselves "brigadistas", about 100 people a year pay their own fares to go and help with the coffee harvest. Supporters at home, meanwhile, are provided with a hefty guidance pack on how to recruit. It is aimed, it states, at trade unionists, CND, women, students and church groups.

The NSC now has 3,300 paid-up members and a lively new Welsh branch has just been formed. How appropriate that they should turn to the land of music. European support for the Sandinistas is led by the British campaign, matched in size not by the German or French, but by the Dutch.

SIMON HORSFORD

SALLY RICHARDSON

# Jetting along the Thames

Trials begin this month for a fast riverbus service on the Thames which is eventually intended to compete with traffic on land. The riverbus will link Chelsea with the Docklands and is set to become fully operational by summer 1988 with eight boats providing a service every 15 minutes.

London-based company Thames Line, launched as part of the Government's Business Expansion Scheme, are behind this new venture and they are also involved in developing a variety of riverside sites—£5 million has already been raised by the company.

The first three months of these proving runs have been block-booked by *The Daily Telegraph*, who have invested £20,000 in the scheme. They will use the riverbus to ferry staff between Charing Cross and their new headquarters on the Isle of Dogs

during the rush hour. Senior management rather than journalists are expected to fill the 51 seats on the riverbus but, as there are no bars on board, hacks will not be too disappointed at having to make do with more usual forms of transport.

If this operation is successful a limited service could open to the public by the end of this summer. The riverbus, an Incat River 50, is a water-jet propelled catamaran—British built but Australian designed. The vessel has been selected partly because it does not create a wash when reaching speeds of 28 mph, while the waterjets prevent rubbish from blocking the engines.

A journey from Chelsea to Charing Cross is expected to take 15 minutes and to the Isle of Dogs 30 minutes. Proposed stop-off points, apart from

existing piers, include Chelsea Harbour, part of a new residential/office development, St Katharine's Pier, Butler's Wharf Pier, Canary Wharf Pier and Greenland Dock Pier. Other potential sites include Battersea Power Station Pier and another for London City Airport.

The fare structure is likely to be similar to the present bus/tube inner and outer zone with 50p/60p being the minimum charge and £1/£1.20 the maximum. However, those wishing to travel for just two stops in an outer zone area may be charged at the lower rate.

By the early 1990s the Thames could resemble a busy highway with as many as 16 riverbuses gliding between 28 riverside pier stops.





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# The man in the bowler hat



Magritte paintings and memorabilia go under the hammer.

At Sotheby's on July 2 "the remaining contents of the studio of René Magritte" are going under the hammer. What is so Magritian about this apparently straightforward statement of fact is that Magritte never painted in a studio. When he was poor he used the kitchen table, and when things improved, a small annexe off the bedroom of his neat suburban villa. While working he invariably dressed in a suit, collar and tie as though employed by a rather stuffy firm of solicitors.

The small number of paintings in the sale may come as a surprise. The point was that he was only interested in realizing ideas. Once this was done the pictures themselves became a matter of indifference to him. He sold what he could. Much of what he kept was from his so-called "Renoir" period in the late 1940s and early 1950s which, while short-lived, has proved less popular. Ever a pragmatist, he hung them on his walls.

He would, I suspect, have been amused by Sotheby's description of two "unfinished canvases" on which he was working at the time of his death. They call them "poignant". In that one of them "depicts a horseman riding towards a house at dusk" you can see what Sotheby's are getting at—horseman equals painter, dusk death—but the other work, I recall, is less "poignant". It shows an ear

floating in the sky, its lobe forming a bell with its clapper stopped. Magritte detested symbolism. Do not ask for whom the ear tolls.

The prices expected for the works of this great poet/painter are, it seems to me, comparatively modest, especially when compared with some over-hyped flavours of the 1980s. It is true that there are no great masterpieces on sale; they are already in museums or private collections, but you would not have to be rich-rich to go home with a picture—just rich.

There is, for example, a very beautiful oil of 1924, *A Woman With a Rose Replacing Her Heart*, which is a snip at its estimated £18,000-£25,000. The point is, it is in his early futurist style, "Magritte before Magritte" as he called it, and is therefore not instantly recognizable. They are expecting much more for some characteristic gouaches—in themselves less interesting.

Letters and manuscripts, objects and bronze sculpture are also on offer. They are selling his bowler hat too; "an icon of the 20th century", no less. They expect between £1,000 and £1,500 for that and I must say I am tempted, especially as Magritte always bought the cheapest and most ordinary bowler he could afford.

GEORGE MELLY

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# FOR THE RECORD

## Monday, May 11

Two ringleaders of a gang of Chelsea football hooligans who plotted a six-year campaign of soccer violence were each jailed for 10 years at the Inner London Crown Court. Three other members of the gang were sentenced to a total of 18 years.

Klaus Barbie, head of the Gestapo in Lyons during the Second World War, went on trial in Lyons Assize Court for crimes against humanity. He later walked out of the courtroom and refused to appear again saying he was a Bolivian citizen who had been kidnapped and was being held illegally in France. On June 6 Barbie was forced to attend the trial to hear the testimony of a witness against him.

Malta's Nationalist Party won the country's general election to end 16 years of Socialist rule.

## Tuesday, May 12

Scotland Yard said that serious crimes in London fell by 4 per cent in 1986 but reports of muggings rose by 11 per cent.

## Wednesday, May 13

The government of Fiji, headed by the recently elected Dr Timoci Bavadra, was toppled in a coup led by Lieutenant Colonel Sitiveni Rabuka who stormed parliament with a platoon of troops and imprisoned members of the Indian-dominated coalition to avoid, he claimed, the danger of racial clashes between the Melanesian Fijians and Indians who make up the majority of the population. On May 22 the Governor-General, Sir Penaia Ganilau, nominated a council of advisers, to include the coup leader and Dr Bavadra, the former prime minister, who had been released. But he refused to serve on the council, and on June 7 arrived in London to lobby for support.

The father of the bride at a Saudi Arabian wedding, angry when the groom was late, married his daughter to one of the guests instead.

## Thursday, May 14

The Government announced that unemployment figures fell by 36,242 in April to 3,107,128.

The South African government expelled two British television journalists, Michael Buerk of the BBC and Peter Sharp of ITN. No reason was given for the decision.

An Adam marble fireplace weighing half a ton was chiselled from its wall mounting and stolen from the London offices of the Building Employers' Federation.

## Friday, May 15

The Government announced that inflation went up from 4 per cent to 4.2 per cent in April. The following month the rate dropped to 4.1.

Nigel Hall was sentenced at the Old Bailey to life imprisonment for the murder of his four-year-old stepdaughter Kimberley Carlile. The child's mother was jailed for 12 years.

Rita Hayworth, the Hollywood actress, died aged 68.

## Saturday, May 16

Harvey Proctor, the Conservative MP for Bilericay, resigned. On May 20 he was fined £1,700 at Bow Street Magistrates Court after admitting four acts of gross indecency with two young men.

Coventry City beat Tottenham Hotspur 3-2 to win the FA Cup for the first time.

## Sunday, May 17

37 American sailors were killed when the frig-

ate, USS *Stark*, was accidentally hit by two Exocet missiles from an Iraqi Mirage F1 fighter in the Gulf. President Reagan later stated that a United States naval presence in the Gulf was essential to world security.

## Tuesday, May 19

In preparation for the General Election on June 11, the Liberal/SDP Alliance launched their manifesto, *Britain United*, and the next day the Conservatives followed with *The Next Moves Forward* and Labour with *Britain Will Win*.

## Wednesday, May 20

Two polar bears were shot dead in a New York zoo after they had killed a young boy who had climbed into their cage for a dare.

## Friday, May 22

David Jenkins, the British Olympic medalist, was arrested in California for allegedly masterminding a multi-million dollar steroids smuggling ring.

David Steel, the Liberal leader, and Elspeth Campbell accepted a public apology and "very substantial" damages in a High Court settlement of their libel action against *The Star* newspaper.

## Saturday, May 23

29 people were killed and 120 were injured after a tornado wiped out the Texan town of Saragosa, population 185.

## Sunday, May 24

At least 12 people were killed as the Sri Lankan air force strafed Tamil-dominated villages in the northern Jaffna peninsula. On May 28 the Indian prime minister, Rajiv Gandhi, warned the Sri Lankan government to halt its offensive against the guerrillas.

## Monday, May 25

England won the Texaco one-day cricket Trophy beating Pakistan 2-1 in the three-match series.

## Thursday, May 28

Edward Chaplin, a senior British diplomat in Tehran, was kidnapped and beaten up by a group of six armed Iranians who stopped his car on a motorway just outside the city. He was released the following day "pending an inves-

tigation by a responsible official". No reason was given for his abduction but it was thought to be related to the arrest in Manchester of Ahmed Ghassemi, an employee of the Iranian consulate-general, on shoplifting charges.

Mathias Rust, a 19-year-old amateur pilot from West Germany, flew through Russian air defences on a 560 mile flight from Helsinki to land in Red Square. The Politburo later announced that the air defence command had failed to organize alert protection of the country's air space and had shown a lack of vigilance and discipline. Sources in Moscow indicated that border guards were too busy celebrating Border Guards' Day to notice the aircraft. On May 30 Marshal Sergei Sokolov, the Defence Minister and Marshal Alexander Koldunov, the Commander of Soviet air defences, were both sacked. The pilot was taken to the KGB prison of Lefortovo.

The Centre for Criminology at Middlesex Polytechnic said that serious crime in England and Wales could rise by 50 per cent, to nearly six million offences, in the next five years. Home Office figures showed that the prison population has exceeded 50,000 for the first time.

## Monday, June 1

Rashid Karami, the prime minister of Lebanon, was assassinated in a bomb explosion on a helicopter carrying him to Beirut.

President Reagan, speaking at an Aids Research Organisation meeting in Washington, said that he proposed to introduce routine Aids screening in the United States for couples about to marry, prisoners and immigrants.

A man in Hong Kong was admitted to hospital after being struck by a tortoise which landed on his head after falling from a high-rise building.

## Tuesday, June 2

A High Court judge cleared three newspapers, *The Independent*, *The London Daily News* and *The London Evening Standard*, of criminal contempt for publishing allegations of treason and illegality by security services made in the banned memoirs of Peter Wright, the former MI5 officer. The Attorney General, Sir Michael Havers, lodged an appeal against the ruling.

Lindy Chamberlain, the Australian jailed for life for murdering her baby daughter but later freed, was pardoned because of new evidence which backed her claim that a dingo dragged the child into the outback.

## Wednesday, June 3

A fleet of 20 Indian fishing boats carrying food, fuel and medical supplies for Tamils under attack by Sri Lankan government forces in the

Jaffna peninsula, was turned back by the Sri Lankan navy. The following day the Indian air force made an unauthorized air drop of food and medicines over Tamil areas in Sri Lanka. Colombo protested strongly to Delhi.

The Lonrho Group said that *Sunday Today*, founded in March, 1986 by Eddie Shah, was to close. The following day Eddie Shah stepped down as chairman of *Today*.

*Reference Point*, ridden by Steve Cauthen, trained by Henry Cecil and owned by Louis Freedman, won the 208th Derby at Epsom.

Andrés Segovia, the Spanish classical guitarist, died aged 94.

## Thursday, June 4

Sir Geoffrey Howe, the Home Secretary, ordered the closure of the Iranian consulate in Manchester and expelled five Iranian officials from Britain. The following day the Iran government retaliated by expelling five diplomats, including Edward Chaplin, from Tehran and on June 11 four more diplomats were ordered to leave.

## Friday, June 5

Airbus Industrie, a four-nation airbus consortium which includes British Aerospace, announced the go-ahead for a £4,500 million development programme which would create nearly 20,000 jobs in Britain by 1995.

## Saturday, June 7

*Unité*, ridden by Walter Swinburn, trained by Michael Stoute and owned by Sheikh Mohammed, won the Oaks at Epsom.

Fulton Mackay, the actor, died aged 65.

## Monday, June 8

Mrs Thatcher arrived in Venice at the start of an 18-hour visit to a seven-nation summit on economics, terrorism and the Persian Gulf.

Lord Lane, Lord Chief Justice, said that sentences of eight years and 10 years imposed at the Old Bailey last February on two men involved in the Ealing vicarage rape case were "almost certainly too low".

England were knocked out of the first Rugby World Cup after losing to Wales 16-3 in the quarter-finals in Brisbane.

## Tuesday, June 9

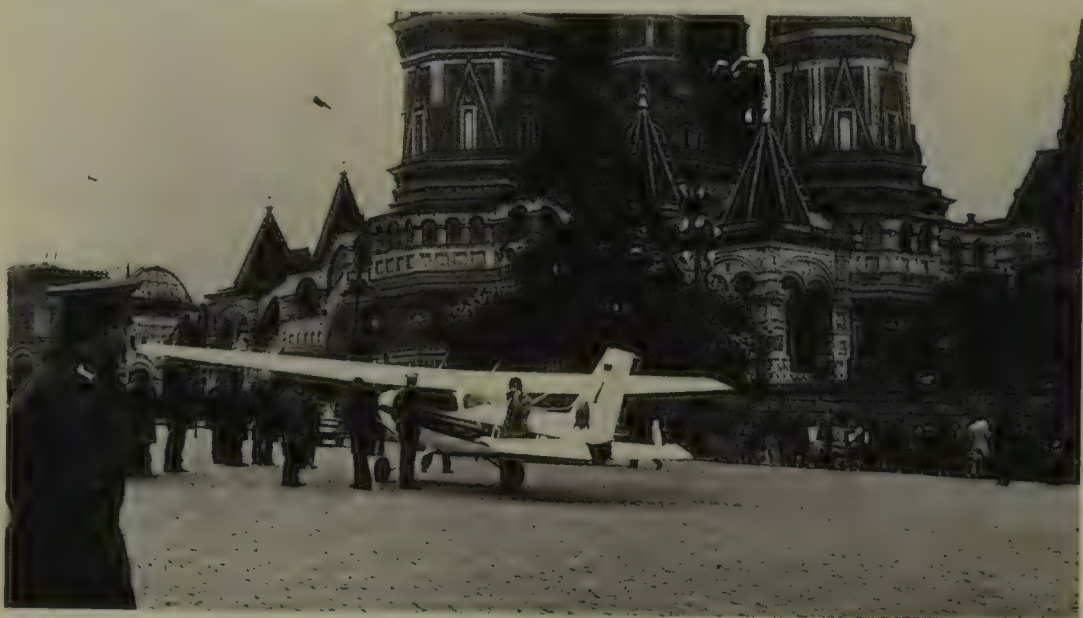
Kelvin Chapman, a London bus driver, was jailed for 14 years at Maidstone Crown Court for stabbing a 10-year-old girl and leaving her for dead last January in an alley in Minster, Kent.

## Friday, June 12

The DHSS said that 24 people died from Aids in Britain in May, bringing the total to 444.

## Saturday, June 13

The Queen gave Princess Anne the honorary title of Princess Royal.



**Outsmarting the Russians:** Mathias Rust, a West German teenager, parked his plane in Red Square after his flight from Helsinki. In East and West Germany he was hailed as the new Red Baron.



# GENERAL ELECTION

The Conservatives won the General Election by taking 375 seats in the new Parliament. Labour won 229 seats and the Alliance 22 seats with 24 others.

The majority of 102 represented a loss of 17 seats by the Conservatives compared with the 1983 election (43 per cent), a gain of 21 seats by Labour (32 per cent) and a loss of five seats by the Alliance (23 per cent).

The result meant that Margaret Thatcher was the first Prime Minister to have been elected on three consecutive occasions since the Earl of Liverpool, Prime Minister between 1812 and 1827.

Mrs Thatcher retained her seat at Finchley with a majority of 8,913, Neil Kinnock had one of his best ever results with a 22,947 majority in Islwyn, David Owen had his biggest ever win in Plymouth Devonport by 6,470 votes and David Steel was re-elected at Tweedale, Ettrick and Lauderdale by 5,942 votes.

The Gang of Four became the Gang of One when Roy Jenkins, the former SDP leader, lost the Glasgow Hillhead seat to Labour and both William Rodgers and Shirley Williams failed to win seats at Cambridge and Milton Keynes respectively. The Alliance economic spokesman, Ian Wrigglesworth, lost his Stockton South seat by 774 votes, while major Liberal losses included Clement Freud to the Conservatives in Cambridgeshire North East and Michael Meadowcroft to Labour in Leeds West. The Liberals were also defeated in the Isle of Wight, a seat they had held for 13 years. In another upset Enoch Powell, the Ulster Unionist, was defeated by SDLP candidate in South Down. He had held the seat since 1974.

The Conservatives lost six seats to Labour in Scotland, three to the SNP and two to the Alliance. The result was the worst for the Tories for 60 years and among the casualties were the Scottish Solicitor General, Peter Fraser, who lost to the SNP in Angus East and the Scottish Office Minister, Michael Ancram, beaten by Labour in Edinburgh South. Defence Secretary George Younger's majority in Ayr was cut to 182. Labour also ousted the SNP Chairman Gordon Wilson from Dundee East. They also did well in Wales with a 5 per cent swing from the Conservatives.

In London, though, the Labour Party had their worst result since the War as the Conservatives took Battersea, where John Bowis defeated the Labour Home Affairs Spokesman Alf Dubs. In Fulham the Labour moderate, Nick Raynsford, who won a by-election last year, saw his 3,503 majority overturned by Tory candidate Matthew Carrington who won by 6,322 votes. Mr Dubs claimed the "yuppie" vote was a major factor in his defeat.

Bernie Grant became the first black MP for more than 50 years after winning Tottenham for Labour. He declared it to be a great night for black people. Later, the former GLC race relations chairman Paul Boateng won his seat and said "Brent South today, Soweto tomorrow". Diane Abbott became Britain's first black woman MP after taking Hackney North & South Newington.

Well known personalities elected to Parliament included the former GLC leader Ken Livingstone who won Brent East, the former CND leader Joan Ruddock who was successful at Deptford, and David Blunkett, the blind former leader of Sheffield City Council was also elected in Sheffield Brightside. He will be accompanied in Parliament by his guide dog, Ted. In Dulwich Kate Hoey, who had complained bitterly throughout the campaign about being labelled as part of the far left, lost, after three recounts, by 180 votes to the Conservatives.

Mrs Thatcher said after the result which confirmed her majority at 2.35am on June 12 that "it has been a wonderful day, and we've all played a part in making it a day of history". Neil Kinnock predicted that Britain would be plunged into "an abyss of division... My hope is that those who feel themselves to be on the benefit side of the division don't have to learn lessons the hard way". David Owen said "the SDP still has a lot to contribute to British politics. We will not be written off". He also said that the British people had chosen right and not entrusted the country to Labour. David Steel reacted to the party's disappointing performance by suggesting that "the big issue of the coming years is how we can build something that will defeat the Conservatives. We have not got it yet".

Mrs Thatcher later said that the new Parliament would be a difficult one because of the election of "extreme left-wingers". She also declared an intention to drive through legislation aimed at ending Labour's hold on the inner cities. Since the election the Tories have no MPs in Manchester, Leicester, Bradford, Liverpool, Glasgow or Newcastle.

Torbay in the West Country was the first of the 650 constituencies to declare a result when Rupert Allason, better known as the spy writer, Nigel West, increased the Conservative majority.

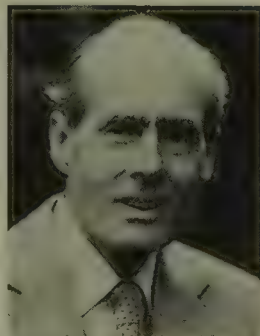
In Dunfermline the keys to one of the ballot boxes were lost and it had to be sawn open, while in London a man at Newham North East destroyed almost 300 voting slips after pouring petrol into a box and setting it alight. A total of 43,181,321 electors were eligible to vote—1 million more than in 1983. 76 per cent actually did so. Since the deposit that candidates must pay was increased from £150 to £500 the number of candidates dropped to 2,327—indicating fewer fringe candidates. The Green Party (formerly the Ecology Party) put up 135 candidates—none succeeded.

Betting on the election was reported to be rather a non-event but one man did put £100,000 on the Tories at 1-6, to win £5,000 after tax. A Labour supporter was less fortunate with his £8,000 staked at odds of 12-1. One punter rang up his local bookmaker to ask for a bet on the party with the longest odds and promptly placed £1 on the Fancy Dress Party in Dartford at 10,000-1. The candidate polled 491 votes, 30,194 less than the Tory victor. Bets are already being taken on whether Margaret Thatcher can win a fourth term in office with the Conservatives at 2-7, Labour 5-2 and the Alliance 33-1.

It is thought that the Conservatives spent more than £3.5 million on advertising during the election campaign, Labour £1.5 million and the Alliance £200,000. The Labour Party's was generally agreed to have been the most effective. The Tories' Saatchi & Saatchi account is now under review.

In a limited reshuffle of the top Government posts, Cecil Parkinson rejoined the Cabinet as Energy Secretary and Norman Tebbit resigned as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster but remained as Conservative Party Chairman. Lord Young became Secretary of State for Trade and Industry and Norman Fowler Secretary of State for Employment. Two ministers were sacked—John Biffen as Leader of the House of Commons and Michael Jopling as Minister of Agriculture—to be replaced by John Wakeham and John MacGregor. Sir Michael Havers was appointed Lord Chancellor in place of the retiring Lord Hailsham. Two other Cabinet posts went to John Moore as Social Services Secretary and John Major as Chief Secretary of the Treasury.

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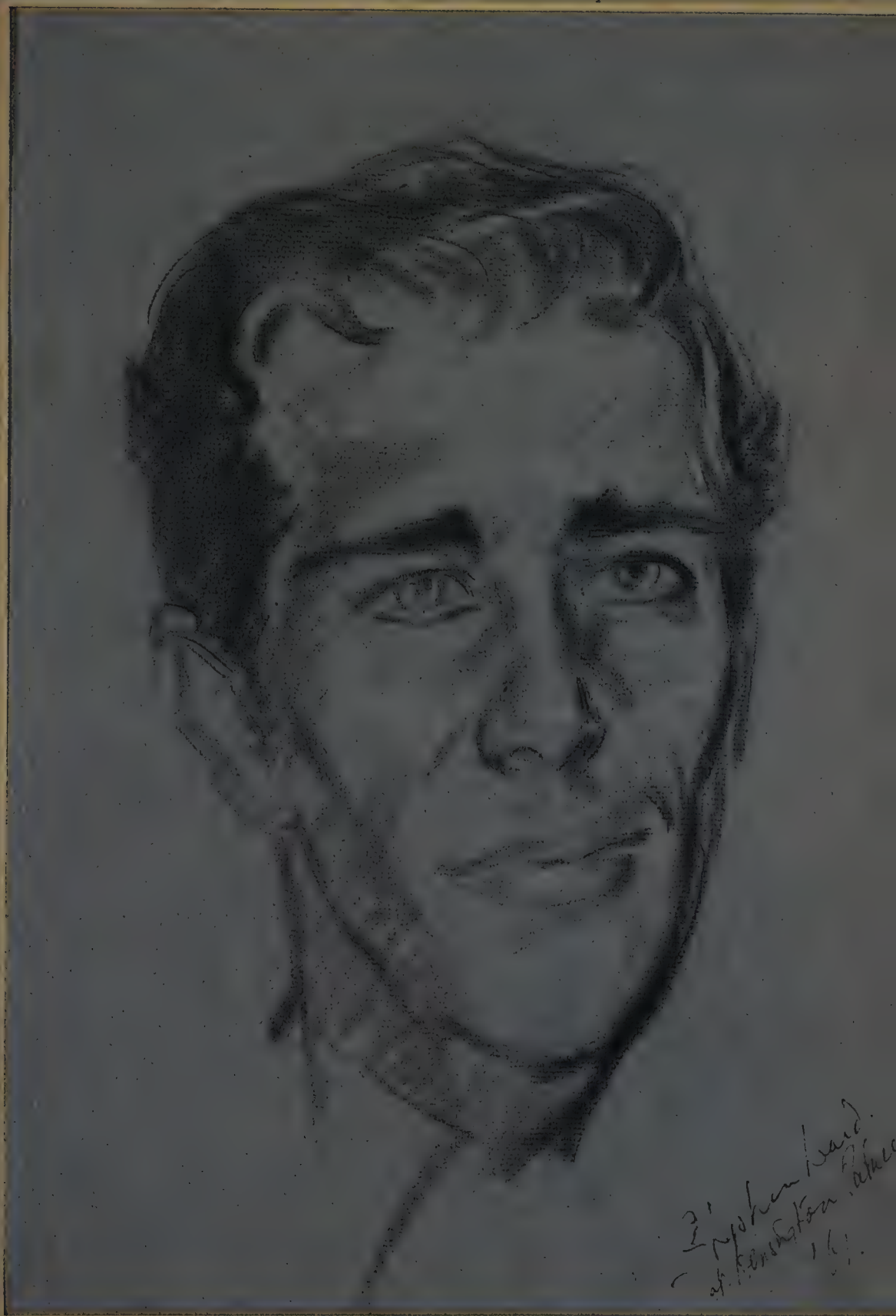




Stephen Ward, the society osteopath who was a central figure in the Profumo scandal, was also an artist. In the early 1960s he drew the rich, the famous and many members of the royal family. At the height of his trial all the embarrassing portraits were suddenly removed from a public exhibition, including this sketch of Lord Snowdon, published here for the first time. Overleaf, Phillip Knightley and Caroline Kennedy identify the mystery buyer and, with the help of *The Illustrated London News*, locate the missing drawings.

# SAVING ROYAL FACE





Lord Snowden  
Rough Sketch  
NOT IN CATALOGUE  
300 Guineas



In the last days of Stephen Ward's trial at the Old Bailey a curious event occurred at the Museum Street Galleries, Bloomsbury. In court, Ward's counsel was in the middle of his defence. Ward's legal fate was still in the balance. Only one thing was certain: Ward would never earn a living as an osteopath again—the police investigation that had led to the trial had destroyed his practice.

Ward had faced up to this, but he had high hopes of building a new career as an artist. A lot would depend on the success of an exhibition of his portraits which Ward had arranged with the owners of the Museum Street Galleries, Frederick Read and Robert Katz. If the drawings sold well, the outlook for Ward might not be as black as it seemed.

The drawings had been moving, but not spectacularly. A lot of people had come only because of Ward's notoriety. Then, on Saturday, July 28, just as Read was about to close, a tall, well-dressed man walked into the gallery and selected every

drawing of the royal family on show, including those of Prince Philip, Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Gloucester and the Duke of Kent.

A delighted Read totalled up the bill. It came to £5,000. The man then produced a bank draft for this exact amount—which suggests that he had been to the gallery earlier and had priced the drawings. He firmly declined to leave his name and took the portraits away immediately.

From then on the remaining drawings sold rapidly and by the time the exhibition closed—soon after Ward's suicide—a total of 750 people had seen the show and 123 pictures had been sold for a total of £11,517, which at that time meant that Ward would have been financially comfortable for quite a while.

Read puzzled over the sale of the royal portraits. In the end he told friends that he had two theories. One was that the purchaser was Anthony Blunt, then Keeper of the Queen's pictures, later to be notorious as a KGB spy. If this theory was correct,

Read said, then the portraits had vanished for ever into the royal archives.

Read's other theory was that the buyer was acting for the Canadian newspaper magnate, Roy Thomson, who was elevated to the peerage a few months later. In the research for our book, *An Affair of State: The Profumo Case and the Framing of Stephen Ward*, we could find nothing to verify either theory, so we offered both and left it to the reader to decide which was the more likely.

Then in May this year, just after the book was published, the drawings turned up. The book had re-awakened this magazine's interest in Ward because, back in the 1960s, it had given him his first break as an artist and commissioned several pieces of work from him. Now, searching for some of the drawings Ward had done then, the staff came across a carefully-wrapped parcel in the *ILN* safe. It turned out to contain, among others, the royal portraits.

The whereabouts of the drawings had been solved. But who

had been the mysterious buyer on *ILN*'s behalf? The owner of the magazine at the time, Roy Thomson, had since died. So had the then editor. Interviews with Thomson's surviving close associates produced a bewildering variety of candidates ranging from the late Sir Timothy Bligh, then principal private secretary to the Prime Minister, Harold Macmillan (and about to become a director of the Thomson Organisation) to Michael Eddowes, at one stage Christine Keeler's solicitor.

Then, acting on a tip that Sir Gordon Brunton, at that time the managing director of all Thomson's non-newspaper publishing interests and now chairman of Mercury Communications, knew the answer we confronted him. Sir Gordon said, "I'm going to tell you the whole story. I've never told it before, not even to Roy Thomson or the Thomson board. Ward had done 30 to 40 portraits of very well-known people, including members of the royal family. There was a lot of talk at the time of the trial that after the exhibition these portraits would go on a tour of the country in a sort of travelling rogues' gallery.

"Now since this would have been very embarrassing to all those people who had agreed to sit for Ward, and since the portraits had been done at *ILN*'s request, I felt that we had a responsibility to protect them.

"So I got an art dealer to act as an agent and he went to the gallery showing Ward's drawings and bought all those that had been commissioned by *ILN*. Then I wrapped them up and they went straight into the vault. No one knew about it except me."

Sir Gordon's action proved appropriate: for if the portraits had gone on the rogues' gallery tour, it could only have drawn attention to Ward's links to the Palace, particularly through the Duke of Edinburgh, who had known Ward in his bachelor days.

The drawings would probably have remained in the possession of the Thomson Organisation but they were still among the assets of *ILN* when it was sold.

Stephen Ward's portrait-drawing began when he was a student at the Kirksville College of Osteopathy and Surgery, Missouri, in the early 1930s. The college placed considerable emphasis on the educational value of dissection and Ward showed great interest in the muscle and bone structure of the human face. He practised draw-



**Left, Stephen Ward's drawing of Christine Keeler at Cliveden in 1960 signed by the artist with the inscription "to dear Christine". Above, unhappier times in 1963 as Christine Keeler goes to see Lord Denning during Ward's trial.**





**“I’m going to tell you the whole story. I’ve never told it before.”**

SIR GORDON BRUNTON

ing the same face over and over again until it became almost instinctive—as he said, “as natural as handwriting”.

He dismissed the idea that portrait-drawing required some special kind of talent. He told his Kirksville room-mate, Dr Ron McKee Hargrett, “There’s a lot of nonsense talked about drawing, about technique and capturing the hidden qualities of the subject. You can learn the technique in half an hour. The rest is practice.”

Ward drew all the time. In the Army in Britain during the Second World War he seized every leave opportunity to attend the nearest life class. In India he did anatomical drawings for surgeons at the 3 BMH near Poona, and in London he could often be found in the late 1950s at the Brush and Palette restaurant in Queensway. There, for the price of a meal, a cup of coffee or a glass of wine, customers were allowed to sketch, or simply look at, whichever pretty girl was posing nude among the tables. But Ward was an unusual customer. He sketched only the girl’s face.

He had his own ideas of beauty. The artist Feliks Topolski, who knew Ward well, said of him, “Stephen liked low-quality girls with high-quality beauty.” Ward confirmed this. In a series of tape recordings he made while awaiting trial he discussed his art. At one stage he says, “Beauty knows no barriers of birth or environment. Take Sophia Loren, for instance. She came from a

Naples slum. Almost everything about her face is wrong. Her nose is too long and her mouth is too big. Yet the total effect is completely arresting. Beauty is a fashion. Like all fashions it has to gain acceptance or look out of place.”

Even as his osteopathy practice flourished, Ward managed to find time for his drawing. He often used it as a party trick. He would get his guests to describe someone he did not know and, as they were talking, he would draw the person’s image and then see how closely it resembled the description.

Word of this skill reached Marylebone Police and Ward was asked, as an experiment, to draw a likeness of a wanted man from the description of witnesses. The experiment worked and the police arranged with Ward to be on call to do this whenever they needed him. This work led him to a controversial theory. “People usually think that a person’s face reflects his or her character,” Ward told the police. “I think that the reverse could be true—people gradually acquire the character of their faces.”

Ward might have remained an osteopath who dabbled in drawing if it had not been for a chance encounter with Hugh Leggatt, a well-known West End dealer and gallery owner. “I had a frightful backache and my partner recommended Ward. He took one look at it and said he would soon cure it and he did.” During the last treatment Ward rather diffidently told Leggatt that he was an amateur artist and that he would be happy to show him some of his work.

Leggatt recalls, “He wasn’t pushing himself and I was so pleased that he was curing me so quickly that I agreed to have a look. The drawings turned out to be very good, extremely lifelike. There are very few artists capable of catching a living likeness, so I agreed to have an exhibition from him.”

Ward gave himself six weeks to produce sufficient portraits of well-known people to make the exhibition a success. He wrote to everyone he could think of, going through his appointments’ book, calling in favours and dropping names shamelessly. Most of those he contacted were flattered to be asked and agreed.

He began with Paul Getty, doing three chalk studies at the Ritz hotel on the very afternoon he had reached agreement with Leggatt for the exhibition. He sketched the Prime Minister, Harold Macmillan, the Home Secretary, “Rab” Butler, and »→

## “THE TRIAL OF THE CENTURY”

The Profumo scandal rocked Britain in 1963. There had been rumours for some time that the Secretary of State for War, John Profumo, a politician many said had the makings of a Prime Minister, had been having an affair with a call girl, Christine Keeler. Labour MPs brought up the matter in the Commons. They claimed that there was a security angle because Keeler might also be having an affair with the Soviet assistant naval attaché, Captain Yevgeny Ivanov, who was an undercover intelligence officer. Both men were said to be meeting Keeler in the West End flat of society osteopath, Dr Stephen Ward.

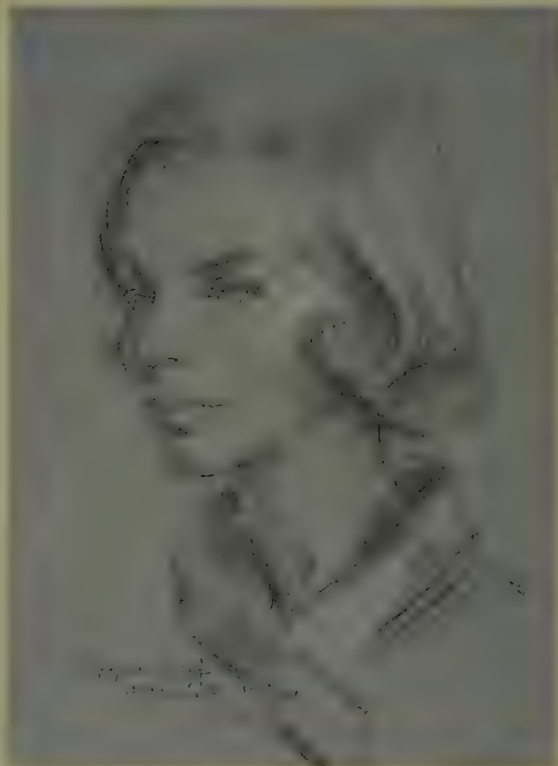
On March 22, 1963 Profumo made a personal statement to the Commons, denying that there had been any impropriety in his relationship with Keeler and threatening to sue for libel anyone who said otherwise. On June 4, however, Profumo resigned, admitted that he had lied, and retired from politics, his career in ruins. The Tory Prime Minister, Harold Macmillan, his reputation for political sagacity shattered, began a prolonged struggle to save his government.

Christine Keeler’s “confessions”, which started running in the *News of the World*, described how she had met Profumo at Cliveden, the home of Lord Astor, and hinted at the involvement of more, as yet unnamed, celebrities. Mandy Rice-Davies, a friend of Keeler’s, told American newspapers of high-society sex orgies.

Public feeling was that London society, apparently reeking of sexual decadence and debauchery, had been caught out. But, strangely, only one person was ever brought to book, Stephen Ward. Charged with procuring young girls for his friends in high places and with living on the immoral earnings of Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies, Ward appeared in the dock at the Old Bailey in July that year.

Deserted by his friends and faced with a hostile judge, Ward realized that he was to be made a political scapegoat. While the judge was still summing up for the jury, Ward took a massive overdose of sleeping pills and died on August 3. Lord Denning, who carried out an official inquiry into the scandal, described Ward as “the most evil man I have ever met”. A quarter of a century later Lord Goodman said, “Ward was the historic victim of an historic injustice”.





Two of the missing Ward drawings, which have recently been brought out of *ILN's* archives, are published here for the first time. The Duchess of Kent, above, and Princess Alexandra, below, were just two members of the royal family who agreed to sit for Stephen Ward in the early 1960s.



Because Stephen Ward had established a reputation for capturing quick likenesses, he was commissioned by the editor of *The Daily Telegraph* to sketch participants at the trial of Nazi war criminal, Karl Adolf Eichmann, below. Right, Ward's drawing of the Duke of Kent, made at Kensington Palace in 1961, was published in the May 6, 1961 issue of *ILN*.



THE DAILY TELEGRAPH



the Foreign Secretary, Selwyn Lloyd. Nubar Gulbenkian's portrait took only 20 minutes. "It's hard to go wrong with a face like that," Ward told Leggatt.

The portraits file quickly grew. There was Sophia Loren, drawn at Elstree Studios where she was making *The Millionairess*, Douglas Fairbanks Junior, A. P. Herbert, Stanley Spencer, Sir John Rothenstein, Lord Shawcross and the French film star Mylene Demongeot. The exhibition was launched in a sea of champagne. Leggatt remembers, "There were at least 400 people there, everybody who was anybody. I only wish I had kept the guest list."

By the end of the exhibition Ward had a waiting list of 200 people who wanted to sit for him. Instead, he accepted an offer from the then editor of the *ILN*, Sir Bruce Ingram, to do a series of portraits of famous people for the magazine. He began to travel all over Britain on this assignment. He went to Jodrell Bank to draw Professor Lovell and to Oxford and Cambridge universities for the portraits of the masters of several colleges. He drew John Diefenbaker of Canada and Archbishop Makarios of Cyprus. Cardinal Godfrey sat for Ward in the palace attached to the cathedral at Westminster.

The climax of the *ILN* assignment was the series of portraits of royalty. Ward began with Prince Philip. He later told his friends that Philip remembered him from a party he had attended at Ward's flat. According to the story Ward told, Philip had said "By Jove, you're the osteopath. I never connected you with this appointment." Ward said Philip was a wonderful sitter, still as a rock and yet relaxed. Ward went on to do the Duke and Duchess of Kent and the Duke's mother, Princess Marina. But Princess Margaret's portrait gave him great trouble.

In his tape recording Ward says, "It was the most difficult face I had ever tried. I was conscious of failure when Mr Armstrong-Jones, who was to be my next sitter, came into the room, looked at what I had done, and pointed out that I had got the nose too long. I thought so too, so I shortened it a bit. But then it didn't look like Princess Margaret any more. I started on Armstrong-Jones, but once things go wrong it is difficult to get them on the rails again. I was feeling quite despondent when I left."

The drawings of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were more successful. Ward gave the Duke's portrait to the British Red Cross Association which later



presented it to the Duchess. Ward said that the *ILN* assignment made him realize the strong likeness, for instance, in the shape of the skull, among members of the royal family—"interesting Hanoverian faces".

In the course of his *ILN* work, Ward, who loved gossip, gathered a fund of stories with which he regaled his friends. His favourite, according to them, was the following:

"Stanley Spencer had some odd eccentricities. After I had drawn him he came down to my cottage [at Cliveden] one weekend. It was a bit quiet so we decided to go for a row on the river. I was at the oars and Spencer sat next to Tommy Steele's agent, John Kennedy, in the stern. Kennedy kept looking at Spencer's ankles and finally

Kennedy said, 'Haven't you forgotten to take your pyjamas off?' And Spencer said, 'I never do, old boy. When I go out I just put my trousers over my pyjamas. Saves a hell of a lot of time.'"

Ward's work for the *ILN* brought an offer from *The Daily Telegraph*. Its editor, Sir Colin Coote, was a patient and friend of Ward's (they used to play bridge together) and now he decided to use Ward on a journalism assignment. He sent him to Israel to cover the Eichmann trial and used Ward's drawings of the courtroom scene to illustrate his correspondent's reports.

So it was no fantasy of Ward's that he could make a living as an artist when his own trial was over. But he not only suffered blows to his morale in the courtroom; some critics savaged his

exhibition at the Museum Street Galleries.

Yet Ward has had the last laugh. His portrait of Christine Keeler hangs in the National Portrait Gallery, and—if what the Gallery director said to Hugh Leggatt back in 1960 comes true—it will be the first of many: "Oh, I know that in about 50 years' time we'll obviously have to have Stephen Wards everywhere because his drawings are of all the important people of this period." ○

*The collection of drawings belonging to The Illustrated London News will be auctioned in the Modern British and Continental paintings, watercolours and drawings sale at Bonhams of London on July 2 at 11am. Viewing on June 29, 30 and July 1.*



# DODGEMS IN THE SKY

As the skies above Britain become full  
for the first time this month, the pressure on air traffic  
controllers to keep planes apart intensifies.

Two small lights approached each other on the radar screen. It was as they merged and then separated that the young air traffic controller knew of the near-miss which occurred in his patch of the sky, high over the Surrey countryside. His terror is easy to imagine, for the incident was beyond his control and only the alertness of one of the pilots involved saved the lives of 500 people.

The procedure at West Drayton Control Centre following a near-collision is well established and was immediately put into operation. The controller, who was far from inexperienced, was relieved from his duties, taken by his colleagues to the office canteen, given a cup of tea and soothed. He was shaking and nauseous with the realization of what had happened. As he began to collect himself, he was pressed by his superiors to begin the task of writing down exactly what had happened. Meanwhile, the radar and radio recordings of the previous couple of hours were impounded by the Civil Aviation Authority (CAA) to find out how the Alitalia airbus and the British Airways jumbo came within 200 feet of each other.

The near-miss, the worst so far this summer, came at a bad moment for the authority, which faces a number of problems that have recently stacked up rather

like the planes over southern England. The crucial fact is this: when the holiday traffic reaches its peak in the middle of July, the skies over Britain will be full for the first time in aviation history. This alarming state of affairs has emphasized profound difficulties in the systems used to control our airspace and for the people who operate them.

In brief, the equipment used at West Drayton, where all civil and military flights are guided into and out of UK airspace, is out of date and the prospect of renewal is distant. Breakdowns are frequent and there are serious doubts about the computer's capacity to cope over the coming weeks. Just as important are relations between those who take the burden of the additional strain and the Civil Aviation Authority. Morale is said to be very low at West Drayton and is not helped by negotiations for a reduction in staff, which were in progress at the time of the near-miss over Surrey. The whole situation is captured in the remark of one air traffic controller made in a confidential report. He said that if West Drayton was an aeroplane it would be grounded.

It should be pointed out that reported misses have steadily dropped in the last few years, despite a marked increase in air traffic. (There were 92 in 1976 and 66 in 1985.) The CAA breaks

down the total and analyses the risk-bearing incidents, the ones that come close to causing loss of life. (These were 35 in 1976 and 12 in 1985.) The authority is satisfied that safety is gradually being improved. The remarks of the press officers and new chairman of the CAA, Christopher Tugendhat, however, contrast with what the controllers say.

One employee at West Drayton, for instance, estimated that the actual number of near-misses was nearer to two a week and this would push the annual figure up to 100. If he is right, the official figure is out by nearly 40 per cent and the position is much more hazardous than the authority realizes. The reason for this possible lack of accuracy is that, although the controllers are legally obliged to report what are known as "losses of separation" between aircraft, they sometimes fail to do so because of fears of disciplinary action, or at least reprimand.

When an air traffic controller witnesses or is involved in a near-miss, he or she is required to file a MOR (Mandatory Occurrence Report). There have been consistent allegations that MORs have been suppressed by the controllers' supervisors for career reasons. Keith Mack, the head of the service, responds to these allegations with despair and says that he cannot disprove

this. However, there has been some tacit admission that the system for reporting near-misses has broken down.

For the last six months there has been a new line open for any controller who felt that his report had been suppressed. It is called the Confidential Human Factors Incident Reporting System (CHIRP) which has been open to pilots for years and is now extended to controllers. The controller who has witnessed or been partly involved in any sort of safety incident files his or her report to a neutral body, the Institute of Aviation Medicine at Farnborough. Recent complaints through this route emphasize the frustration with old, out-of-date equipment. One even remarked that the manual of air traffic services at West Drayton had not been properly brought up to date and was thus ambiguous and unclear.

The consensus among the West Drayton controllers is that ultimate responsibility should lie with the CAA because of its failure to invest in new equipment. Others like Bill Brett, assistant general secretary of the controllers' union, are more open. He described the 16-year-old IBM computer at the centre as "aging and collapsing". The British Air Line Pilots' Association is also concerned and called for a rapid influx of funds to meet the ➤➤







→ standards now being set on the Continent.

The West Drayton computer, which is crucial to the well-being of all air passengers travelling to and from Britain, is an IBM 9020D which was purchased in the 1960s from the Americans. At its heart there is an IBM 360 that was developed in the 1950s, a century ago in computer terms.

In the first six months of this year there were a dozen different occasions when the computer broke down. Most of the breakdowns were caused either by power failures (the computer uses a large amount of electricity) or by software failures.

None lasted more than 75 minutes but that is enough to cause enormous tensions in the control rooms. The CAA admits the problem but says that the breakdowns will cause only delays, not collisions.

The chief problem occurs in the software, 40 per cent of which has inexplicably remained unused. The West Drayton operators have never understood this, especially as software breakdowns were caused by it having to accommodate too many flight plans. They anticipate many more breakdowns with the increased traffic during the months of July and August.

Less comprehensible is the CAA's refusal to employ a facility called "Conflict Alert" which is buried within the unused software. Conflict Alert warns controllers that planes are on collision course. If the software was being used, each near-miss would automatically be logged and there would be no further doubt about the number of near-misses. The CAA explains that the facility is not used because of the danger of "spurious warnings".

Three months ago the authority announced a plan to spend £200 million on a new computer. The most likely machine is a water-cooled IBM 3090 which

will use some of the old software. This will need about a year's work on what is called the re-hosting, which will mean the West Drayton controllers will probably have a minimum of three years to wait before the strain is lifted. Even Kevin Mack, director of Air Traffic Control Service is frustrated. "In my terms 1990 is too far away," he said.

The British Air Line Pilots' Association is in agreement. "We have not kept pace with modern aviation. It seems that only incidents such as near-misses will prompt the rapid influx of money to catch up," said Captain Jim Taylor for the Association.

## THE SKY HAS ITS LIMITS

The idea that the skies over England and Wales are full is not easy for the layman to grasp. It seems preposterous that Britain should suddenly run out of this apparently limitless resource. Nonetheless, this is the alarming reality that faces the CAA.

Over the last five years the number of aircraft movements handled by the National Air

Traffic Control Service has increased by 300,000 a year, rising from just under 2.4 million movements in 1981-82 to 2.7 million movements in 1985-86. From July there is simply no more room.

The near-miss between the Alitalia DC9 and the BA Jumbo (together with a less publicized, but no less serious, incident involving a BA Concorde) have concentrated the minds in the CAA wonderfully. Two days later the authority reacted by imposing flow controls, which are a device for limiting the number of planes that are allowed into British airspace at any one time.

It is difficult to say whether these would have been introduced if there had not been such persistent leaks to the Press from West Drayton air traffic control, which are a symptom of the discontent there. The rabble-press—the CAA's description—have caused real concern among the public and the authority had to respond positively. Flow controls are not new. They have been used over Britain during peak traffic times before and they are common over Spain and France. But this is the first time that they have been imposed indefinitely. The system means that all aircraft must book a place in the queue before take-off, instead of arriving in British space and demanding a clear course to the airport. If the pilot misses his slot, he has to wait until another place becomes available and this often means a long delay. Flow controls are thus unpopular with passengers and airline companies.

Significantly, the British Air Line Pilots' Association, who are just as inconvenienced by flow controls as the other two groups, received the announcement with enthusiasm. They know about the dangers of congested airspace and the pressures that build up at West Drayton.

An important question, left unanswered by the CAA, is why the flow controls were not imposed earlier. Presumably the CAA was aware of the steady build-up of traffic in the first months of this year and was in a position to know of the likely figures for July and August. Why did it take the near-miss for the authority to act?

Having been hounded by the national Press for the last month, the CAA spokesman was in no mood to address himself to this. "It's very difficult to say when we knew this situation would arise. I can't give you a date when we knew the skies would become full," he did point out, however, that increased air traffic had been matched by a steady reduction in reported near-misses.

The technology associated with flow controls is already operating in America where the congestion over some airports became notorious in the 1970s. A new complex, the Apollo, monitors every military and civilian aircraft movement over the United States and tracks up to 100,000 planes at any one moment. It is updated every four minutes so that the controller of the Federal Aviation Authority can predict where congestion is likely to occur. The system is envied by the British air traffic controllers, although it would

need to be used throughout Europe. Flow control, then, is the immediate answer; but others are being considered.

The first is to do with the distance between aircraft over Britain. At the moment the minimum distances between two aircraft are 5 nautical miles horizontally and 1,000 feet vertically. There is a proposal that these should be reduced, thus enabling more aircraft to fly over Britain at any one moment. This measure cannot be introduced in time to alleviate congestion this summer and, in any case, pilots have reservations. As you reduce aircraft separation, so you lessen the

Plans cannot be introduced in time to alleviate congestion this summer. In any case, pilots have reservations.

margin for error. Captain Jim Taylor of the British Air Line Pilots' Association was adamant: "Until we are satisfied it is safe we will not consider it viable."

There is a second proposal which would involve concessions on the part of the Ministry of Defence who have traditionally considered airspace to be their property. "The military consider the skies belong to them," said Captain Taylor, "they make concessions to us."

This conflict of interest between civil and military authorities was intended to be settled by the National Air Traffic Control Service. This was one of the reasons behind its formation and to some extent it has failed. David Vaughan of the controllers' union, the Institute of Professional Civil Servants, feels the space available should be shared more evenly. "The military do not use their airways all the time," he said. If the commercial lanes in the skies were wider there would be far less pressure on both pilots and controllers. The military controls the majority of the airspace and is loath to concede more room to holidaymakers. So the focus of attention remains on West Drayton with all its technological and human problems. Research by David Learmont.





NEWS AT TEN IS 20 THIS MONTH, SIR ALASTAIR BURNET IS 60. PERHAPS THEY'RE BOTH TOO OLD. . . JANE ELLISON AND RALPH STEADMAN TAKE A CLOSE LOOK AT ITN'S MAIN PRESENTER.

# NEWS KNIGHT

Sir Alastair Burnet, newscaster to seven million and "Interviewer Royal", was still not back from his lunch. The flickering, silent televisions which paper every available wall in ITN's cramped building monitored all the programmes I was missing as I waited for the "Great Newscaster" to return. Serious men were talking about something important; happy young beach boys plunged vigorously through crashing waves; on Ceefax the pound went up or went down.

"The thing about Alastair," the publicity girl explained, "is his amazing mind. Everything is there in his head. His memory is just incredible." It emerged that whereas transatlantic newsmen like Walter Cronkite were fed reams and reams of facts and information to tide them through the worst of election specials and presidential outings, Burnet relied on his memory to supply him with details of who won the Bolton by-election in 1925, or who was standing to the right of Prince Charles's ear in St Paul's. Friends and colleagues speak of his memory in tones of reverence. He has been known to ad

lib articulately for three minutes on the air during a technological failure. At ITN the word is, "If in trouble, cut to Alastair."

His presence dominates ITN. It is 20 years since he launched the first *News at Ten* bulletin, partnered by Andrew Gardner. It is hard to over-emphasize how much of an experiment the programme was at the time. As he signed off after the first broadcast, Burnet said: "Our aim is to bring you every weekday evening a half-hour news in depth, at a peak viewing hour, a new venture in British television. . . We know it means asking you to develop a new viewing habit at 10 o'clock every evening; but we mean to make it worth your while."

Twenty years later he is a figure of powerful authority at ITN and the main influence on the content of the nightly newscast. He is associate editor of *News at Ten*, a member of the ITN board and presenter of *TV Eye*. The only doubt on the horizon is the arrival from Channel 4 of Stewart Purvis, who has become Deputy Editor of ITN. He is expected to scrutinize the

programme's format and may use the opportunity to heed the advertising industry's call for a fresher look presented earlier in the evening.

He has also become famous for interviewing the royal family in a manner which has earned him a place in the *Spitting Image* repertoire. Certainly Burnet's reverential interviews with the Prince and Princess of Wales, as well as his cloying narration of that royal soap, *In Public In Private*, have not endeared him to his more hard-boiled colleagues. But at ITN he is spoken of with the reverence he himself brings to those royal interviews; voices are hushed, eyes are lowered at the mention of his name. Was he on the way to becoming "Newscaster by Appointment to the Queen"?

At this point Burnet returned from lunch. He was apologetic, profusely so, for the unavoidable delay. His lunch companion was Edward Heath, a long-standing friend, whose cause he backed against Margaret Thatcher in 1975 when he was editor of the *Daily Express*. Burnet apologized again for being late. Then he said,

"Would you like a cup of tea or a gin and tonic perhaps?" When I declined both he looked disappointed. "Oh dear, what a pity," he said. "That means I can't have a drink I suppose."

We faced each other across his small, unpretentious office, which is remarkable for its lack of any sign of personality except for a handful of cartoons on one wall. The daily papers were laid out on one table. The ubiquitous television set glared at us from another. All the chairs were cheap and hard.

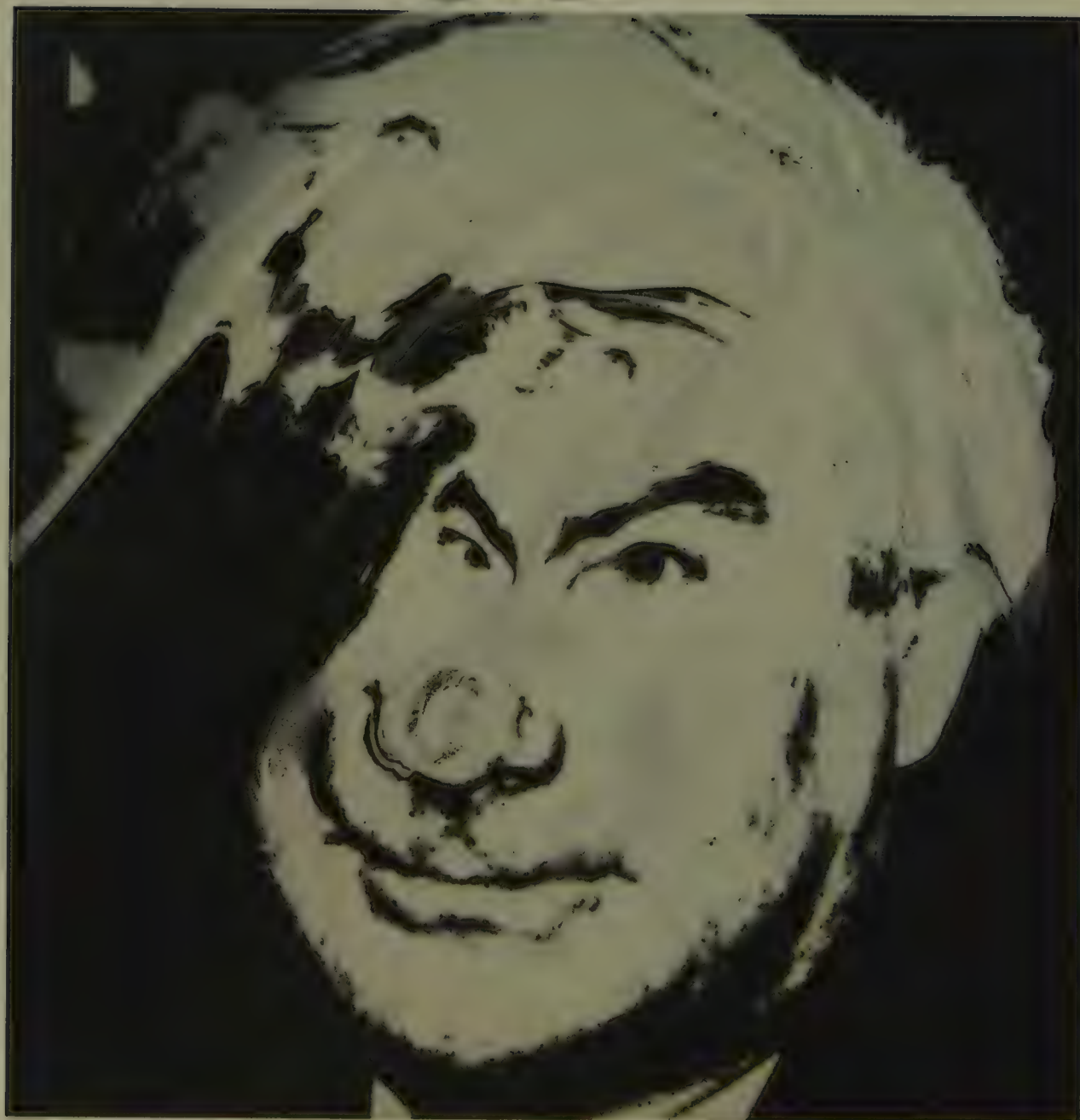
Burnet seems smaller off the television screen, a slighter figure than the head and shoulders suggest to his nightly audience. His voice is lighter, too, with none of the gravitas that precedes the famous "bongs" or headlines which introduce the programme. His face, with its cratered surface, glows an angry scarlet which even make-up cannot disguise, but—rather touchingly—one notices off the screen that his eyelashes are particularly long and sweeping.

We begin with his role in presenting the bulletins. How had it changed since those early ➤➤

*Friends and colleagues speak of his memory in tones of reverence. He has been known to ad lib articulately for three minutes on the air during a technological failure. At ITN the word is, "If in trouble, cut to Alastair."*



Sir



Alan Fair / BURNET  
Ralph L. H. Dman



»→ broadcasts 20 years ago? He smiled demurely and lowered his eyelashes. It had changed hardly at all, he murmured. This was hard to believe. Today he sets the tone of the news. Many of its values and political judgments are his. He may write the "bongs", the introduction to news stories and political reports, and the closing observations with which he leaves the viewer at 10.30pm. Sometimes he can write up to half the bulletin.

"I have a different title," he said eventually, "which is associate editor, but I'm not really sure that's anything other than a title. It is the producers who have the real impact on the programme. On the night they've got to get it right. They tell me what to do," he went on, in a notably modest vein. "It is mistaken to suggest that someone in my position could get the better of them. They're employed to make sure I don't go against the best story of the day, although, if I may say so, I can hope to help in views, opinions and decisions..."

He is well-equipped to fulfil this modest role. Twenty years as a newspaper man have given him an enviable facility with language and a staggeringly wide knowledge of current affairs. The son of a Scottish engineer, he was educated at the Leys School, Cambridge and Worcester College, Oxford, before serving his apprenticeship for eight years as a sub-editor and leader writer on the *Glasgow Herald*. He moved to *The Economist* in 1958, and after five years went to ITN as political editor, where he made his reputation and began the first of his now-famous all-night *Election Specials*.

In 1965 he became editor of *The Economist* and nearly doubled its circulation during his nine-year stint. He was famous for livening up its content and introducing its now familiar eye-catching covers. Colleagues remember his "incredibly bad temper" and sentimental attachment to royalty and the British constitution. They also emphasize his attachment to hard work. "He was very much a workaholic," says one colleague, "and

he believed everyone else should be equally dedicated." Another colleague remembers that he could be found learning the constituencies by heart.

In 1974 he was persuaded by Sir Max Aitken and Jocelyn Stevens to take on the editorship of the *Daily Express*, in an attempt to halt its rapid decline. Promised "complete editorial freedom", he left 16 months later after the circulation had plunged by another 340,000, when Max Aitken decided to run his own front-page editorial backing Margaret Thatcher. He returned to ITN where his influence increased steadily, culminating in his knighthood (his producer, David Nicholas is only a CBE).

I wondered if, after his stints on *The Economist* and the *Daily Express*, he sometimes longed to return once again to the world of print? "It is very nice of you to remember that," Burnet replied, expressing modest surprise that I had mastered the details of his career. This was an odd compliment, since it was a simple matter of looking up the cuttings, a job at which he himself is ferociously proficient. David Nicholas emphasizes that Burnet is an expert at efficient research. "He is an enormously careful preparer. He never uses a researcher but goes up to Colindale [Newspaper Library] and by the time he is on air he is steeped in the subject. He is a complete journalist with an amazingly well-stocked mind."

Then he avoided the question by talking at some length about the similarities between writing a "bong" and writing a headline in a newspaper.

I persevered. So he had no urge to edit another newspaper? He looked thoughtfully at the floor. "Oh, no newspaper would have me," he observed, as though the temerity of the idea were unthinkable. But, just a minute. Hadn't Rupert Murdoch, with whom he regularly dines, actually asked him to take on the editorship of *The Sunday Times* after the departure of Frank Giles? Burnet laughed wildly at the suggestion. "Look, a lot of people put about peculiar remarks for

their own purposes. I'd put all that on one side, if I were you. The editor, Andrew Neil, is a personal friend of mine and apart from Sir David English and Donald Treford is now the longest serving editor in Fleet Street." (He was instrumental in getting Neil, also a former executive on *The Economist*, the *Sunday Times* job.)

Burnet pointed out with an air of gentle regret that he had often been the subject of inaccurate newspaper stories. Indeed, at one point he had actually taken out an advertisement in *The Times* to "tell all gossip writers about his career plans". Among the posts he denied he was offered was "adviser" to Edward Heath at Number 10 Downing Street. "Ted had a very excellent press secretary, Sir Donald Maitland, who is now deputy chairman of the IBA. So why should anyone have thought that I would be any good at the job?" Burnet paused, once again overcome by humility.

We move on to his reputation for hard work. I wondered if he was naturally of a studious temperament, since all his colleagues spoke with admiration of his capacity for hard work. The eyelashes fluttered ominously again. "I have to work hard because I'm not very bright," he said. Oh, come, Sir Alastair. One distinguished presenter describes you as "very brilliant". Another colleague says you are "a sponge with facts". Yet another says that you have a fantastic memory and can remember details from years ago. At Oxford—"Oh, things were very different when I went to university," Burnet murmured. "It was very easy to get in. They asked me if I knew the difference between imports and exports. It's much harder now."

Nevertheless he admitted he would not have minded being a don. "But through some terrible error on my part they only gave me a Second. Well, I think, if I may say so, things have turned out for the best." He went to his desk and took out a photograph of himself and his exuberant rival from the BBC, Sir Robin Day, in Oxford recently, both dressed in cap and gown, in line to cast their

votes in the election for the new Chancellor of the University (a contest won by Roy Jenkins). "Robin said to me, 'Who have you voted for?' And I told him, 'Ted Heath, of course. How have you voted?' 'Privately,' he replied." Burnet laughed with considerable amusement.

Although he says politely that anyone who goes out nightly to millions of viewers cannot complain about being recognized in the street, he is a very private man. "I don't open buildings," he says, "I don't bring my family into things. I can't complain about publicity. I like the money [he is rumoured to earn around £100,000 a year] but I could do without the fame."

He lives in West London and takes the tube to work, getting out to wait for the next train if he finds himself trapped with schoolchildren. He has been married to his wife, Maureen, for nearly 30 years, yet they are rarely seen together as a couple. He told one interviewer rather enigmatically: "It has crossed our heads to part, but we've never done anything about it, so we part and meet when we feel like it." They have no children, and Burnet lists his three main interests as whisky, racing and cricket. He is a director of United Racecourses and will take an afternoon off at Sandown occasionally, since he can see six races in one afternoon.

"If I may say so," he said, as though expecting to be refused permission, "it is an anti-social life. I read the news four times a week and I come into the ITN office almost every day."

He admits to an enthusiasm for whisky, and is known to enjoy a drink. Unlike other television presenters who radiate a jolly, extrovert image—the late Reggie Bosanquet, Sir Robin Day, David Dimbleby—he seems introverted, defensive and cautious. He is acutely aware of the charge that *News at Ten* is a "popular" show, designed to grab the attention of the masses.

"I know the intelligentsia scoff at the jokes with which we round off the news," he says, "but I strongly believe that you can't

*He has been married to his wife, Maureen, for nearly 30 years, yet they are rarely seen together as a couple. He told one interviewer rather enigmatically: 'It has crossed our heads to part, but we've never done anything about it.'*





ALAN DAVIDSON

**Sir Alastair and a rare view of Lady Burnet.**

send people up to bed with horrific pictures from Belfast or Beirut in their minds."

He will not do another *Election Special*, after last month's Herculean effort—his eighth for ITN—although politics is his passion. "It is the hardest thing, much harder than a royal wedding or a budget day. There is no script and you've got to be in intellectual training. Even

Robin has been saying he's done his last election." As for the future, he will not speculate about moving from the *News at Ten*. "I would say that my job is to my mind the best in journalism. I should be very sorry to go."

He apologizes and wonders if I would excuse him. For the last 15 minutes a worried-looking man

has been poking his head round the door and asking if Burnet has a moment. There are 15 minutes to go before the main news conference of the day. The "Great Newscaster" politely escorts me down to the foyer and then vanishes self-effacingly. Courteous, diffident and modest to a ludicrous degree, he leaves one

with the impression that he has assumed the character of "Interviewer Royal" in real life; that he has actually become the deferential murmurer of platitudes so approved by royalty.

Only the glint of steely authority behind the first "bong" of the evening indicates that the outward self-deprecation masks a man of ruthless professionalism and influence ○



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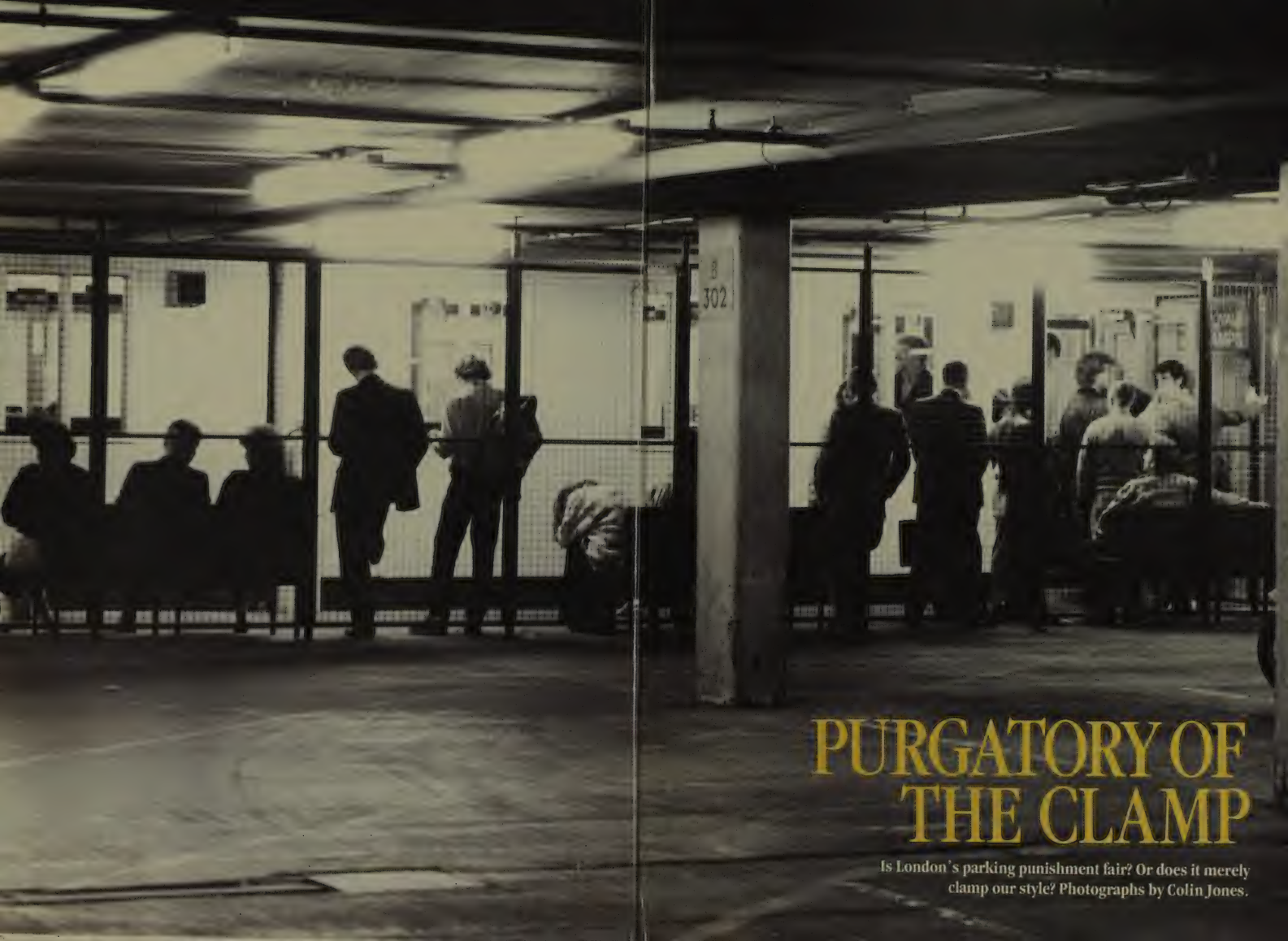


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# PURGATORY OF THE CLAMP

Is London's parking punishment fair? Or does it merely clamp our style? Photographs by Colin Jones.



Directly below Speakers' Corner lie the offices of the Metropolitan Police Clamp Unit. Their proximity to the symbol of all democratic virtues must have struck at least a few of the thousands of people compelled to visit this gloomy place each year as distinctly ironic.

At any time during a weekday 20 or 30 miserable souls may be found waiting in line, alongside a wire mesh fence, to pay for their cars to be undamped. They look as if they are being held in a compound before entering some penal institution. Anyone who has formed part of this queue will have experienced a helpless rage which seems to cramp all rational thought. It is a purgatory made worse by the prospect of a three-hour wait before the car is undamped and the laborious process of paying the fine to an apparently robotic member of the clamp squad.

Certainly this is a punishment that works, at least in one sense. It causes serious inconvenience and financial loss which in many cases is far greater than the actual fines and undamping fee. It also induces enough stress to last most of us a year. But is this mass clamping operation, soon to be joined by a vastly improved tow-away operation, entirely fair? Motorists have, after all, mostly paid their road tax to the government and in many cases have made further contributions to a parking meter.

Obviously, there must be some form of deterrent otherwise the streets of London will come to resemble the great traffic jams of, say, Cairo or Mexico City, but, as it stands, the clamping policy of the Metropolitan Police is both indiscriminate and unjust.

The main point about the clamping operation is that it does not distinguish between very minor infractions of the parking laws, such as overstaying on a meter, and the major ones, which would include parking on a double yellow line in a narrow street. Moreover, the policemen on the clamping vans do not appear to distinguish between trade vehicles, which may be parked illegally of necessity, and cars parked carelessly by shoppers. In short, there is a marked lack of good sense.

The effects of clamping are said by the authorities to be beneficial. For instance, a clamped car apparently deters others from parking illegally in the same street even though the car itself will cause an obstruction for an entire afternoon. The general efficacy that is claimed for the clamping policy is not always to be believed either. At the very beginning of an unifying document entitled PARKING IN LONDON it is noted that the deterrent effect of the clamp lasts a short while and that within six months of the clamp being introduced to an area there is a "degree of slippage".

Londoners are beginning to protest and although the Metropolitan Police do not keep records of lost tempers and apoplectic fits, it seems that the abuse of clamp van drivers and police officers is very much on the increase. A less emotional reaction is coming from the recently formed Anti-Clamp Association which represents businesses damaged by the clamp. It plans to lobby the new parliament and to urge Westminster City Council to restrict the police and to provide exemption permits for businessmen. They are collecting examples of wrongful and insensitive clamping and are pursuing two principles, which are shared by *The Illustrated London News*: The clamp should not be used:

- 1 without the provision of much more extensive off-street parking.
- 2 against drivers who have missed the deadline of the parking meter.

Meanwhile, we extend our sympathy to a Mr Polak who was arrested after he removed the clamp on his car by deflating a tyre. When he returned from the police he found both a flat tyre and a new clamp fixed to another wheel.



## A DAY OUT WITH JOHN, GARY AND STEVE

**Yuppies wheel and deal. Tradesmen protest but pay. Clare Colvin finds the secret of escape is charity, not hope.**

There were already signs of the yellow blight as I approached Chelsea Police Station. Four cars in Lucan Place were clamped and, to add insult to injury, a representative from the Car Clamp Recovery Club, which follows the clamping vehicles like jackals after a lion, had left "Do Not Panic" notices which revealed that, for a fee, they would organize the de-clamping.

Our team consisted of police constables John Bennett and Gary Leverton, and Steve, the clamping contractor, Highway Maintenance Services. John is one of the senior constables, 27 years at Chelsea nick, and with a soothingly avuncular manner reminiscent of Dixon of Dock Green. Gary is younger, more abrasive, a bit of a lad and a former champion boxer of the Force.

"I usually keep him on a ball and chain," said PC John. "We make a very good team."

We left around 11.20am from the police station, our car following the van as it drove towards Fulham Road. The van stopped just round the corner from Sloane Avenue and John walked back to where he had spotted

two Mercedes parked on a single yellow line, with double yellow markings on the pavement. "They're like sheep," said John. "Because one parks here, they think they all can."

He began to write a parking fine for the metallic blue convertible as Steve appeared carrying the dreaded clamping. The whole operation took five minutes from when the car was spotted from the van (the five minutes' grace runs from the time the car is first seen, not from when the officer reaches the car). As soon as the penalty notice was placed under the windscreen wiper, Steve fixed on the clamp in just 20 seconds. An adhesive notice warning of the clamp was slapped on to the windscreen.

"We use our discretion about a fine if the person turns up before we're finished," said John. "I always write the number of the car last, so that the ticket isn't wasted if I don't issue it."

Gary followed on to record the car in the log-book and add a card which carried a map of how to get to the Metropolitan Car Pound at Hyde Park and the reference number of the clamp. We

walked along Fulham Road where cars were parked on yellow lines. A woman rushed out of a shop and straight into her BMW. John looked inquiringly through the plate glass windows of an art gallery, and two women made a quick exit towards their cars. Further up the road a Range Rover was suddenly driven away and finally, as the law passed the windows of the British School of Motoring, a drove of driving instructors emerged to take away their cars.

"They'll all be back when we've gone," said John. "If we stay around we sometimes see the same cars driving round and round for about ten minutes waiting for us to clear off."

He absent-mindedly began writing a ticket for the brown Saab belonging to the *ILN* photographer, Colin Jones. The police are disparaging about the efforts of traffic wardens, who may issue eight or nine tickets a day, whereas a clamp unit can clock up 30 or 40 a day without exertion.

On the first Monday that the clamping zone was extended into the area south of King's Road their unit clamped 105 cars. PC

John's record for consecutive clamped cars is 22. I began to rethink my assessment of him as a kindly latter-day Disson.

Any car parked, partly or wholly on a pavement can be clamped instantly at any time of the day or night. The owner of a BMW with its two nearside wheels on the kerb got away in time, and we moved on to Chelsea Square, where a car in a resident's bay without a permit was clamped. Gary walked over to an imposing house which was in the process of being gutted. A motley collection of vans and old cars were parked in the resident's bay. They belonged to workmen on the site who protested that the owner had told them to park there. In that case, said Gary, the owner should have had the bay suspended and paid a fee for each of the cars, in order to save them being clamped.

They left the workmen to think about that and moved on, rather than have an incident with half-a-dozen irate brickies. If they were going to divide the reactions of people to being clamped, said Gary, the working class would elf and blind for a while and go off to pay their fines. ➤



»→ but the middle-class yuppie-type would try to get you to unlock the clamp on the spot.

They clamped a BMW belonging to a woman who made a practice of leaving it on the same parking meter, without putting any money into it, while she worked at an office nearby. This particular day's parking had cost the driver £8 for the excess time ticket, £12 for the penalty ticket, a £25 de-clamping fee and her fares to the pound and back.

On to Cheyne Walk and the Centre for Spastic Children, where the officers revealed their softer side. Gary went into the house to warn of their arrival, and a couple of cars connected with the home were left alone. A chauffeur parked in a Mercedes nearby became agitated and drove away. After clamping a mere two cars, the van moved into Chelsea Manor Street. The chauffeur, who had driven his car around the corner, returned.

In Chelsea Manor Street, John did some Sherlock Holmes deduction on two cars. He left the one with the warm engine until after he had clamped the other, on the supposition, which proved to be correct, that the owner would soon appear when he saw what was happening.

Farther along the road, there was a Citroën with a parking permit a year out of date. The ticket was written and the clamp in place, but not locked, when a tall man in a black leather jacket dashed from a nearby house and practically threw himself across the bonnet. The permit's in the post, he protested. The police gave him the ticket, but removed the clamp. The effect was like staying a death sentence.

We lost a BMW parked on the pavement in Sydney Street, swiftly driven away by a city-suited yuppie, and a middle-aged man made a brave dash across the road to his car. But a long-haired blonde with a baby in a pushchair and a toddler emerged too late from the pub opposite to rescue her orange MG. In a side street John had a Ford clamped, but left a BMW, which obstructed the exit of two cars from a yard, with only a ticket, in order not to penalize the other cars. The police rarely clamped cars in front of garages unless, as sometimes happens, the garage belongs to the car owner.

We drove back to the police station reflecting upon the aggressive parking of BMW owners, who made up roughly three-quarters of the illegal parkers for the morning, and accepted the invitation to lunch in the police canteen. Colin

parked his car nearby and, lulled by the knowledge that the clampers were at lunch, we had the dish of the day and cups of tea while PC John Bennett counted the ticket counterfoils from the morning's work—22 of them. Twenty-two car owners were late for appointments or had to cancel, lighter of purse after queueing for an hour in the gloomy wire mesh punishment block of the police pound, and then waiting for two hours or more by their cars. Highway Maintenance Services need to have four cars an hour clamped in order to break even, and our clamping unit had been netting an average of eight an hour—not particularly high, said John.

"People think we're on a bonus because we clamp so many cars, but we're not. We just happen to be better at the job than the traffic wardens."

We said a cheerful goodbye to our clamping team and returned to the car to find, horrors, that all too familiar large white notice pasted across the windscreen, a yellow metal clamp on the wheel and a parking ticket. Colin starts to exhibit all the symptoms of a clamped yuppie. Surely they have got a key? he shrieks. They must be able to de-clamp him themselves, and what is he going to do if they cannot?

"Do not panic," says Gary, picking up the de-clamping card with a map of the pound at Hyde Park on the back. "This will tell you exactly where to go..." Fortunately it was just their idea of a practical joke.

## PENALTIES AND PROCEDURE

You go to the Metropolitan Car Pound at Hyde Park, a section of National Car Parks under Hyde Park, and queue to pay the de-clamping fee of £25. You have the usual 28 days to pay the fine of £12. By the late afternoon the queue can be more than 30 people, and you may wait for up to an hour. After paying the fee, you return to your car and wait for the de-clamping unit. If they are already in the area, you may be de-clamped quite quickly (fastest time so far is nine minutes). Otherwise expect a wait of from one and a half hours upwards. You do not have to wait by your car, but if you return too long after you have been de-clamped, you may find you have been clamped again. If you do not pay the de-clamp-

ing fee within three days, the car is towed away and you are liable to a towing fee of £57, on top of the de-clamping fee and fine. Vehicles causing a dangerous obstruction will be towed away rather than clamped. Doctors displaying their identification and the disabled (if displaying authorized permits) are exempt. Diplomats are exempt from paying the fee, but may be clamped.

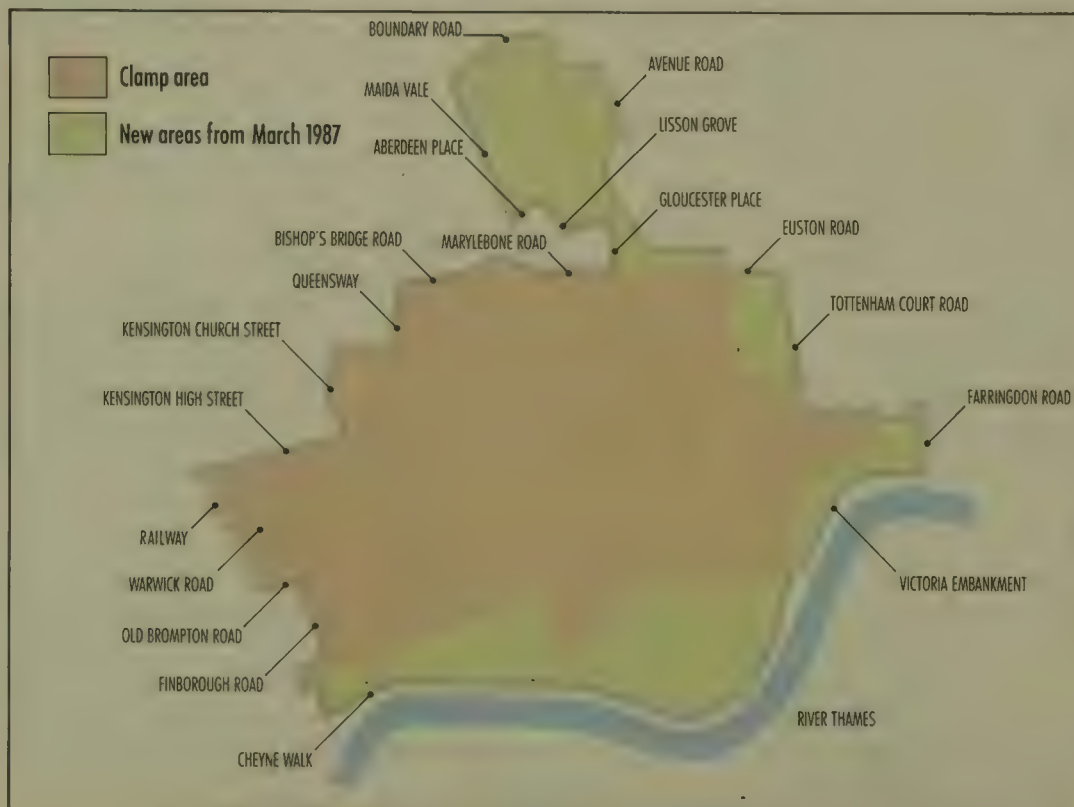
De-clamping teams operate from 7am to 12.30am the following morning and all wheel clamp fees paid before 12.30am will be de-clamped that same night. No de-clamping units operate on Sundays, so if you do not pay your fee by 12.30am on your Saturday night out, you cannot move your car until Monday morning.

## PARKING AND PATROLS

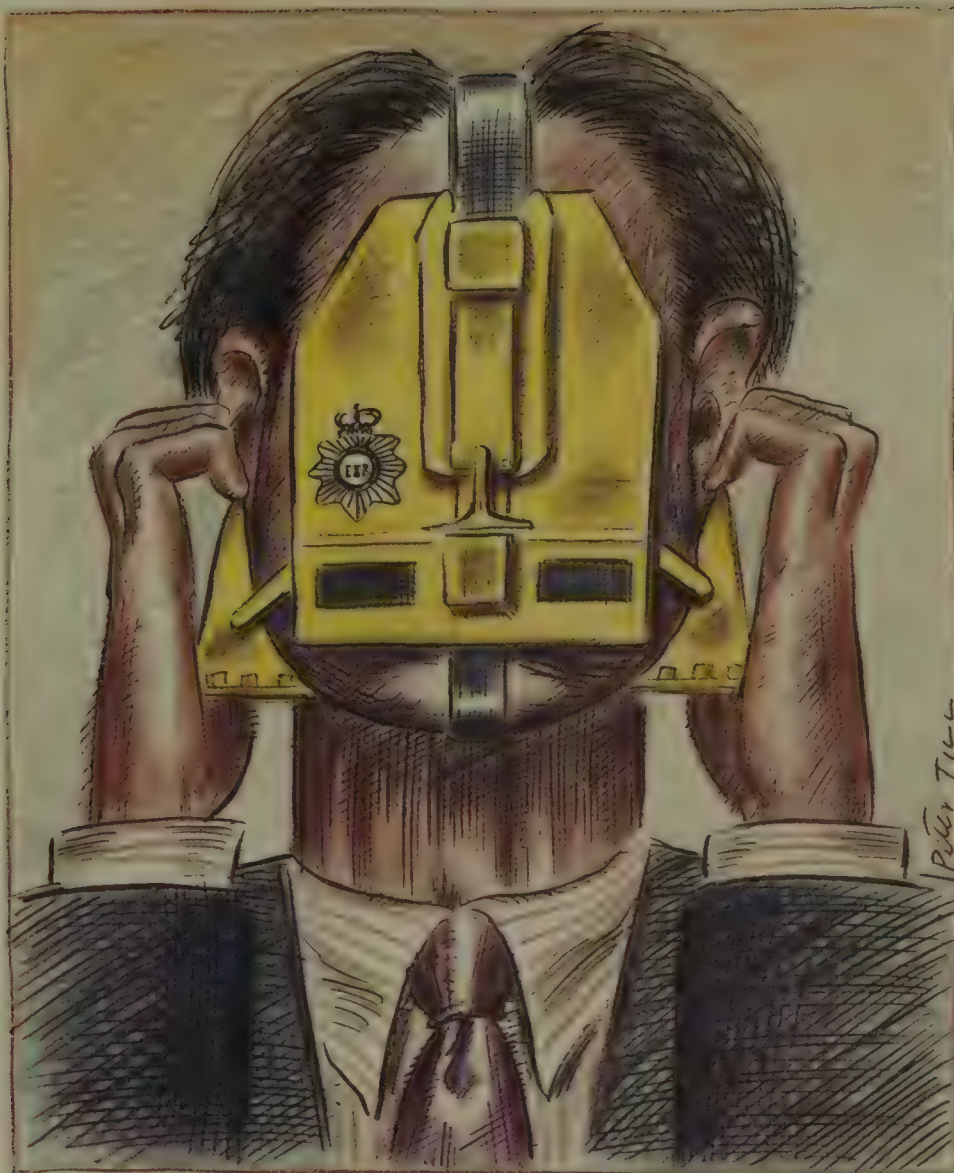
Cars parked on single yellow lines from 8.30am until 6.30pm and cars on double yellow lines at any time can be clamped. Cars on parking meters running into penalty time may be clamped and cars in residents' bays without parking permits can be clamped. Cars on zigzag lines by zebra crossings, or at safety junctions, or on pavements at any time can be clamped and cars on zigzag lines are liable to be towed away.

Clamping areas: See our map.

Latest to join the wheel clamp zone in April was the Pimlico and Westminster area from Victoria Street to the river. Camden plans to extend clamping north of Euston Road by the end of the year, and other areas may follow. The clamping teams operate from 9am to 5pm Mondays to Saturdays, and in areas like Soho and Covent Garden up to 10pm. The City of London Police operate a clamping system plus their removal trucks for vehicles that are difficult to move.







## PROTESTERS AND PROFITEERS

The inconvenience and disruption caused by being clamped provoke strong reactions. An Anti-Clamp Association has been formed to campaign for the easing of the laws to make clamps easier to live with. The Association, made up of more than 100 small businesses in the West End and Kensington & Chelsea, wants business permits to exempt them from clamping when going about their commercial activities and "blue line" kerbside sections for their exclusive use. ACA also plans to lobby Parliament and to campaign for more off-street parking. The Car Clamp Recovery Club, which is run by a West End estate agent, has set out to profit from the clamp laws. You pay an annual subscription of £25. If your car is clamped you phone the Club and one

of their radio-controlled team will collect your documentation and go to pay your fine for you. This service costs £8 a time. If you have another appointment in London they will deliver your car to you at your next destination as soon as your clamp is removed. This service costs an extra £15 a time. Motorbike riders from the Clamp Club follow clamping vans and leave details of their services and an application form for membership on the clamped car. The police are not happy about the motorbike riders being seen near the van in case it is thought they are in collusion.

For further details of the service: Car Clamp Recovery Club, Carrier House, 1-9 Warwick Row, London SW1 5EW. Tel: 01-235 9901.

"People think that we're on a bonus because we clamp so many cars," said John of the clamp unit. "But we're not, we just happen to be better at the job than the traffic wardens."

## PARLIAMENT AND PRIVATE CONTRACTORS

The scheme began in a limited area of central London under the Traffic Regulation Acts passed in May, 1983. An extension of the wheel clamping zone was passed in Parliament last August at the request of the London Boroughs of Camden, Kensington & Chelsea and Westminster. Private contractors began clamping from December 1 last year. The areas were further extended earlier this year. The private contractors, Parking Protection Ltd and Highway Maintenance Services, are under the supervision of a police officer on the clamping unit, but the de-clamping unit operates without a police officer. The 14 wheel-clamping teams clamp about 500 cars a day in London. The £25 fee goes towards the cost of clamping. An unofficial break-even figure was four clampings per unit per hour, which means they would have to clamp something like 400 cars a day just to break even. Parking fines go to the Courts.

Some 25,000 illegally parked vehicles were clamped from December 1 last year to February 22 this year, an average of 400-500 every working day—not so many given the 350,000 "illegal parking acts" on the streets of London every working day. But the private contractors are clearly more efficient than the wardens and the number of clampings is bound to increase.

## FROM BOOT TO SABOT

*New York:* Fines or, where the vehicle is causing an obstruction, towing away are used more often than clamps, known as the Boot, after the Denver Boot, which came into operation in Denver in the late 60s.

The Boot is applied to persistent evaders of parking fines. Before ticketing the car that is illegally parked, the warden will radio to the Bureau of Traffic Operations, and if the offender has three unpaid summonses in 18 months, he is designated a "scoff law" and his car is clamped. It will not be unclamped until he has paid all outstanding summonses and the de-clamping fee of \$100, plus a fine of \$40-50. A Boot is occasionally lost when a persistent offender, rather than pay up, drives off by removing the booted wheel from the car and substituting a spare wheel. This is petty larceny, but New York has more pressing problems to deal with than tracing boot stealers.

*Germany:* "We have no clamping—the cars are towed away," said a German Embassy spokesman. "We believe that clamping does not solve the problem but exacerbates it, because the illegally parked car must obstruct traffic." Towing away is used for cars parked in an "outrageously illegal way", in front of a fire hydrant or entrance to an ambulance station. Otherwise, a system of fines operates.


*Paris:* The French began by using the clamp—known as the *sabot*—for Paris's notorious pavement parkers, but are now building more concrete posts to stop people from parking on the pavement in the first place. There are still occasional blitzes, particularly in streets to which a towing lorry does not have access, and it is also used to immobilize suspected stolen cars.








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# GOD OF THE MUD POOL

Blood, sweat and fears once ruled Haiti in the guise of Papa Doc and the power of darkness. Some things never change. If a man is Haitian, he has voodoo in his soul. . .

Photographs by Jean-Claude Pattacini.







For three days and nights the drums beat and the faithful gather at the lagoon by the Catholic church. They have come to worship. But the church is locked against them. For they are here for the voodoo; here to plunge naked into mud and the blood of slaughtered animals; to worship a vengeful African god through the image of a Catholic saint.

So each July, as the Haitian pilgrims stream north to Saint Jacques, the priest bars his doors and waits. . .

It starts slowly. The pilgrims throng the pool of mud, light candles on the banks. They pray and sing and drink strange brews. The drums begin a slow, pulsating rhythm.

Animals are brought: cattle, cockerels, young goats. Lovingly, the

pilgrims caress them to summon the spirit, the *loa* of the god; they rub their bodies against the flesh to make contact with Ogou-Feray. A blood-red scarf, his sacred colour, is knotted eight times and slipped around the horns of every beast. A voodoo priest offers alcohol. The animal drinks. It is claimed by the god. The drums quicken.

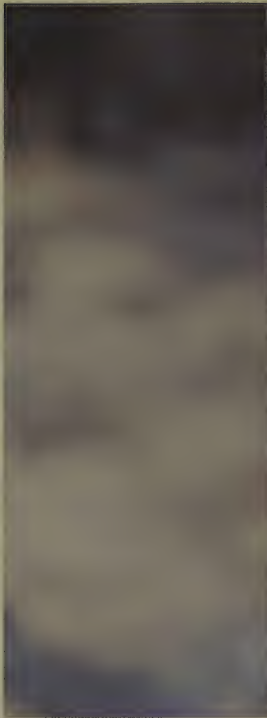
Above, a mapou, sacred tree of Haiti, shadows the lagoon. Below, at roots embalmed in mud, the animals' throats are slit. Fresh blood mingles with mud and the pilgrims can stand no more. They fling themselves into it, plunging their children in with them, rubbing mud and blood into their skins, reassured that now they are immune to evil.

For three centuries the ritual has been played for the blessings of









Ogou-Feray, a god who sailed into Haiti from Africa in the souls of slaves. The god came to symbolize the slaves' revolt. Saint Jacques, patron saint of Haiti's colonizers, became the tool of voodoo.

Later, Saint Jacques became the place where the evil of Papa Doc could be exorcized from the minds of the starving pilgrims. For voodoo means power and life, not Satan: the spirit in the mass.

Inside the church the priest hears

the drums' climax and knows the time has come. He watches as the pilgrim horde descends on his church for the final ritual, a black mass picked out by tiny candles.

They stand, full of prayer to the saint. Then they hurl the candles into the church, profane flames which threaten to turn the Christian church into a blazing pyre of red, the colour of Ogou-Feray...







# THE FINAL JOURNEY

BY ALEX FINER

Tourists take a dramatic ride into the past when they visit Machu Picchu. But for Roberto de Fuentes it meant the squalor of a town without medicine.

It happened near the Inca ruins of Machu Picchu in October on the eve of a public holiday, Peru's Day of National Dignity. The local train from Cuzco had left the high plateau and the road far behind and was making its descent into the Urubamba valley, running for stretches within sight of the raging river. As the gorge grew deeper, the peaks above which form the fringes of the Amazon shut out the sunlight.

The train was crowded, as always. Indian women sat stolidly on the hard, slatted seats with trussed livestock in baskets or loose on their laps. Two gringos, bound for the hot springs at Aguas Calientes, watched a *comerciante* selling soft drinks squeeze along the aisle of the old, wooden carriage and disappear from the end to step over open track into the next carriage.

The soft-drink seller was

develop *soroche*, mountain sickness, the remedy is a tea, *mate de coca*, made from the coca leaf.

It may take a couple of days to acclimatize to the clear, thin air—much longer to absorb the culture shock. Those on pre-packaged holidays, including the ubiquitous little old blue-rimmed ladies from Minnesota, rarely stay long enough to see more than some massive granite walls of Inca temples and the 17th-century cathedral of Santo Domingo, erected by the conquering Spanish invaders.

After running the gauntlet of local pickpockets and shoulder-bag slitters at San Pedro station near the market, hundreds of these well-heeled foreigners board the luxury, non-stop Tourist train which covers the 112 kilometres to the Machu Picchu base station in about three and a half hours. They emerge, cameras and packed lunches in hand, for the climb by bus around 12 kilometres of hairpin bends for a few hours in the 11th-century city which sits on a saddle, between high peaks—one of the world's most improbable and breath-taking locations.

The other ways of reaching Machu Picchu are cheaper, less comfortable and much more fun. Both start at San Pedro station with a struggle for a seat on the local Indian train, valuables hidden in a body-belt. The train calls at every tin-roofed hamlet along the way, an infrequent life-line in and out of the lower reaches of the Urubamba valley. At every stop, food sellers display tempting tit-bits—corn-on-the-cob, skewered livers, pork pork—through the windows.

Only the hardest travellers take the second, original approach to Machu Picchu, leaving the train at Kilometre 88 for a four-day mountain trek along the ancient Inca Trail. They must carry food, warm clothing and sleeping bags as well as plenty of insect repellent. They must tackle terrain which rises to nearly 4,000 metres and be prepared to encounter tarantulas and snakes as well as more relaxing wildlife such as llama, alpaca and vicuña.

The backpackers start their trekking gently, crossing the Urubamba river where the Incas did, setting off into the Cusichaca valley. This valley was once prosperous and its water supply protected by men posted at the Inca hill fort of Huilla Raccay.

Today the valley belongs principally to condors, hawks and eagles. A few families still eke out brutish and short lives here. They are Indian, speaking a dialect of

Quechua. Some still inhabit the stone remains of their forefathers. They call their mountains "the eyebrow of the jungle".

They are ignored by modern Peru. They are undernourished, living on a diet of potatoes with meat perhaps once a month, probably one of the guinea pigs kept in the house. Water sources are infested; half the children die before they reach the age of five.

On this October day a pair of backpackers left the train during the brief halt at Kilometre 88. The two gringos—myself and Luke Holland, a photographer who had been working in the rainforest for several months—stayed on board. We were taking the third way to Machu Picchu, intending to stay overnight in the ramshackle village of Aguas Calientes, just a 20-minute walk along railway track short of the Machu Picchu base station.

The idea was to ride up from there to the site soon after dawn and to contemplate some of the mysteries of Machu Picchu before the Tourist train dis-

gorged its horde. How were the huge blocks of granite, weighing tons, shaped, lifted and put precisely into place? The Incas had no wheeled vehicles, no horses, no steel, no mortar, no explosives. No one yet knows when or why the city died to be swallowed by rain forest, or why 10 female skeletons were found for every male after the American explorer, Hiram Bingham, had been shown the city in 1911 by local Indians.

As the train drew closer to Aguas Calientes, and Roberto, the soft-drink seller, passed down the aisle for the last time, the gringos discussed the contradictions of so many tourists visiting such a remote area for pleasure while, unseen around them, malnutrition continued to wreak havoc with the Indians.

The Incas had grown *tarwi* and *quinua*, both of which were high in protein and could be reintroduced without great difficulty. Water, if collected over a chute made from a cactus leaf, filtered through flour bags →

Left, the railway station at Aguas Calientes, deep in the Urubamba valley. Below, Indians whose problems, such as infant mortality, are ignored.







»→ and boiled, could be made safe to drink. Furthermore, modern medicine could protect the population against measles and tuberculosis and end the epidemics that had wiped out whole generations.

Whose was the responsibility? Visiting western aid teams could intervene only briefly and then depart. Development required continuity. And the Peruvian authorities faced more immediate urban problems as well as political enemies in the countryside. They possessed neither the resources nor the will to act.

We two concerned gringos left the train at Aguas Calientes, deep in the Urubamba canyon, and found dormitory lodging. We climbed through the dusk to bathe in the hot spring above town and then, refreshed, descended, appetites sharpened for dinner at the El Mirador.

There was a commotion at the station. Aman—Roberto, the soft-drink seller—had been found severely injured with both legs broken a couple of kilometres up the railway line. He had fallen between carriages under the wheels of the train. A trolley used for truck maintenance had been used to wheel the injured man down the line to Aguas Calientes.

There was no local doctor in the village, just a *sanitario* capable of elementary first aid. Roberto was carried to the dingy medical post where he was injected with what the *sanitario* described as calmanol.

The gringos searched the hostels and found a doctor's name in the register of the Hotel los



**Top, primitive conditions afflict the town where Roberto de Fuentes bled to death needlessly. Above, the Inca remains of Machu Picchu command a breathtaking location.**

Caminantes. Dr Jean Michel Theas, a young Frenchman, was roused from his bed and hurried to the medical post where a group of men had gathered outside the small, dark room. The town's irregular electricity supply had failed. Roberto lay inside on a stretcher, placed on the bare concrete floor and illuminated only by torchlight.

Both Roberto's legs were virtually severed, the right leg between the knee and hip, the left leg just below the knee. He had been bleeding for three hours and a steady trickle continued. The torn flesh exposed tendons, muscles and shattered bones. He had lost several teeth and his face was bruised and cut.

The French doctor was unable to find appropriate medicine in the medical post. There was none of the standard emergency

equipment—no bandages, no oxygen, no plasma, no splints, no morphine. He raced back to the hotel to get two bandages he carried in his personal luggage, and one of the bystanders was sent to get a sheet that could be torn up and used. Another was persuaded to bring a kerosene lamp. The onlookers appeared passive and resigned to a death.

The lamp cast long ghostly shadows against the walls. Occasionally Roberto groaned and fought for air, his bloodied face further disfigured by the effort. Faces peered in from the outside. Once improvised bandages had been applied, the main concern became communication with the outside world.

An emergency helicopter service to Machu Picchu operates only in daylight hours. But at least the railway telephone

system should have alerted the Cuzco or Quillabamba hospitals. A railway official worked to establish contact up or down the line. Because of the national holiday, neither town could be reached by phone.

It was now about 10.30pm, some four hours after the accident. Roberto de Fuentes was approaching coma. He had lost between two and three litres of blood and needed plasma until he could get blood transfusions and hospital care.

The gringos tried to contact Roberto's wife who, unaware of the accident or her husband's whereabouts, had left the train at her home town of Santa Teresa. They persevered with efforts to speed up the arrival of the night train to Cuzco due at 1.15am. The patient continued to deteriorate. He was slipping in and out of coma, no longer feeling much pain.

The doctor, using a flashlight, pulled back Roberto's eyelids to observe the degree of coma. He took the patient's weakening pulse. He twisted the patient's nipples without getting any response. A nun now kept a hand on Roberto's shoulder.

Roberto de Fuentes died at 12.50am on October 9, Peru's Día de la Dignidad. A prayer was led by the *sanitario* in charge of the medical post. Jean Michel Theas, the doctor without medicines, said, "He died from loss of blood. He need not have died. I used to carry enough plasma in my rucksack as a rescue doctor on the ski slopes in the Pyrenees to have saved him."

"We needed better communications, urgent transport and, above all, more medicine. You cannot know how it feels to be a doctor, knowing you can save someone, prevented only by lack of facilities."

The three western foreigners present drew up a report and submitted it to the Peruvian authorities as well as to the British Embassy in Lima. It was their belief that the local population as well as thousands of international visitors travelling the railway line to Machu Picchu have a right to higher standards of medical care than were seen that night in Aguas Calientes.

They asked for a properly equipped and staffed medical centre for local inhabitants and tourists alike, a permanent means of communication with the nearest hospitals, and a rapid form of transport such as a rail ambulance on 24-hour call to serve the line. That was eight years ago. Little has changed in Aguas Calientes and Roberto de Fuentes died in vain ○



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# Revealing London's Roman heart

The many thousands of people who visited the Roman Civic Centre Project viewing gallery in Leadenhall Street in 1986 were able to follow the progress of one of London's most important archaeological excavations. The history of the Roman town centre was being uncovered and recorded before redevelopment destroyed the ancient walls and layers which lay 4 to 5 metres below street level.

The Legal & General Assurance Company were planning to erect a new office block on the Leadenhall Court site near Gracechurch Street and Leadenhall Market, underneath which were the remains of the second-century basilica ("town hall"). This company not only allowed the Museum of London's archaeological team on to the site, but also provided generous financial assistance for their work. Appreciating the national importance of the site, English Heritage (the Government-funded Historic Buildings & Monuments Commission) also contributed to the project.

The background to this exciting venture was covered in John Maloney's article (*ILN*, February 1986). The excavation programme began in the winter of 1984-85 and concluded in September, 1986 when the Museum team moved off the three large external areas visible from the viewing gallery. Work could then start on the analysis of the detailed records of the ancient buildings, and on the mountains of pottery, bone and other artifacts. These tasks could take at least two to three years to complete.

The preliminary work began in the winter of 1984-85, when four trial trenches were dug in the basements of standing buildings in Gracechurch Street before their demolition. These investigations revealed floors in the area within the nave of the basilica and showed that Roman deposits survived up to 4 metres deep.

Once the enormous potential of the site had been demonstrated, plans were laid to deal with the excavation of the rest of the 2,500-square-metre area. The archaeological excavation schedule was dovetailed into the demolition programme, so that as the Victorian shops and office buildings were cleared on one

Gustav Milne and Simon O'Connor Thompson of the Museum of London, who directed the excavations at Leadenhall Court last summer, report on the site's remarkable history spanning 2,000 years.



**Cleaning up the foundations of the north wall of London's Roman basilica at Leadenhall Court.**

part of the site, the Museum team moved in while demolition continued on adjacent properties.

The Leadenhall Court site lies on the crest of the City's eastern hill which directly overlooked the harbour and the bridge in the Roman period. The trees which once grew on top of this hill were torn down by the Romans before the laying out of the very first London in AD 50. Although this first settlement was destroyed by fire shortly afterwards (presumably a result of the Boudiccan uprising in AD 60), the area was resettled with the introduction of simple buildings made of timber, wattle or brick-earth (the orange clay-like material which forms London's natural subsoil).

That crowded development was swept away towards the end of the first century when work began on a massive masonry

building with a new road running along its northern side, beyond which were found traces of brick-earth and timber shops. But it was on the vast stone structure that most effort was concentrated. It covered most of the site, and extended well beyond the southern, western and eastern limits of excavation.

Clearly, this huge public building was intended to be an impressive structure, and needed many tons of stone and tile. Construction work began in about AD 100, but the recording of several phases of mortar-mixing pits and the thick levelling layers suggests that the project took years to complete.

Detailed analysis of the many floors and rebuilding phases is required before the full history of this fascinating building is established, but it seems that much of it had been deliberately pulled

down towards the end of the Roman period, rather than after it. This event, the demolition of the "town hall" complex, obviously has major implications for our understanding of the administration of the Late Roman town.

The town's population was fast contracting, and from the fifth to the ninth centuries the City was all but deserted in favour of the settlement which developed around the Strand area. It was only in the late ninth century that Saxon Londoners re-occupied the area inside the town walls, and by that date the site of the Roman civic centre, a complex larger than St Paul's Cathedral, had been completely forgotten.

However, a new generation of Londoners did reoccupy the site, for pits and wells dug by the Saxons in the 10th and 11th centuries were found by the archaeologists. There are documentary references to poultry and cheese markets there in the 14th century, and in the 15th century the City had reorganized the site, erecting several new buildings.

The excavators located the foundations of medieval Leadenhall and also recovered many stones reused in 18th- and 19th-century cellar walls which originally came from the 15th-century structure. Mark Samuel, who studied those moulded stones, was able to show that some of these fragments came from arches, some from windows and doors, and some from a spiral staircase. So it will be possible to reconstruct (on paper at least) much of the superstructure.

But perhaps the greatest surprise of all was the discovery of a 14-metre- (45-foot) high section of medieval masonry, encased within the Victorian shops and offices. This was part of the western range of Leaden Hall and had been built in the early 15th century. However, the wall which survived the Great Fire in 1666 and the Blitz in 1940 would not survive the Big Bang in 1986. Luckily, the archaeologists made a detailed record of both faces before it was demolished.

The Museum team was therefore able to recover a remarkable story from this site. Clearly, the present-day redevelopments in the City are just the latest in a series of transformations stretching back for 2,000 years ○



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**GEORGE KNIGHT**  
— Overseas —



James Hughes-Onslow looks at the luxury property market in Regent's Park where a house can cost £9 million—leasehold. Overleaf, he investigates fluctuating summer prices in London and the effects of the capital's soaring house costs on the average owner and buyer.

# PUTTING DOWN ROOTS IN THE PARK

Every so often there is a terrible row in the vicinity of Regent's Park when someone with more money than is thought compatible with understanding the subtleties of London townscapes comes up with a clever plan for improving the area. Environmentalists, historians, architects, animal-lovers, local politicians, investment trusts and property companies quickly come down on this radical proposal before it can gather momentum. If it is lucky enough to slip through the net, however, it is immediately accepted as an essential part of our heritage.

Lord Snowdon's aviary was hailed as the end of the northern skyline of Regent's Park in the 1960s, while the Post Office Tower was the ruination of the south, yet there are people now

who really quite like these landmarks. In the early 1970s there was an alarming story in the unsensational *Financial Times* about a minaret in Regent's Park which would overlook the residence of the United States Ambassador.

Recently there has been a fuss over the Holy Grail of Regent's Park, the villas included by John Nash, architect to the Prince Regent, as part of the original design for the park in 1811. Of the 56 villas planned, only eight were built, four of which survive. Three of them have come on the market in the last few years at astronomical prices. Each designed by Decimus Burton with colonnades, porticoes, pediments and acres of landscaped gardens, they are more like grand country houses.

Nuffield Lodge, which was known as Grove Lodge before it was bought by the Nuffield Foundation, was sold through Chesterton's last autumn to the Australian media tycoon Robert Holmes à Court, who paid £9 million for a 99 year lease from the Crown Estates. Nuffield Lodge is in the north-west corner of the park with a 4½ acre garden running down to the Regent's Canal and containing a vine-entwined pergola, a grand ginkgo (Maidenhair) tree and an Elizabeth of Glamis rose planted by the Queen Mother on her 80th birthday seven years ago.

Is it what he really wanted, one wonders? Does an Australian millionaire have the time to stroll through the grounds on one of his action-packed visits to this country? It has been suggested

that what Mr Holmes à Court should have bought was The Holme, an even larger 40-room Burton mansion next door which came on the market, with 4½ acres including 100 yards of lake frontage, at £5 million for a 60 year lease in 1984. The drawbacks for the buyer—a Middle Eastern one in this case—are not unlike those for more modest rented accommodation. The purchaser may not redecorate the building, except in the existing style, and he cannot even count on total privacy because, according to the rules, the gardens must be open to the public for at least four days a year. Worse than this there is a bandstand, (the one which was blown up by the IRA in 1982) just over the garden wall where regimental bands play for one and a ➤➤



Left, the main feature of the west front of St John's Lodge in Regent's Park is the large central bay of the original villa which is surmounted by balustrading and flanked by Decimus Burton additions. Above, the magnificent painted ceiling in the central hall is the work of H.W. Lonsdale, c 1890. The centre flat dome incorporates the 12 signs of the zodiac. The four pendentives represent the Four Ages of Man.



# No9

## WEST HEATH ROAD

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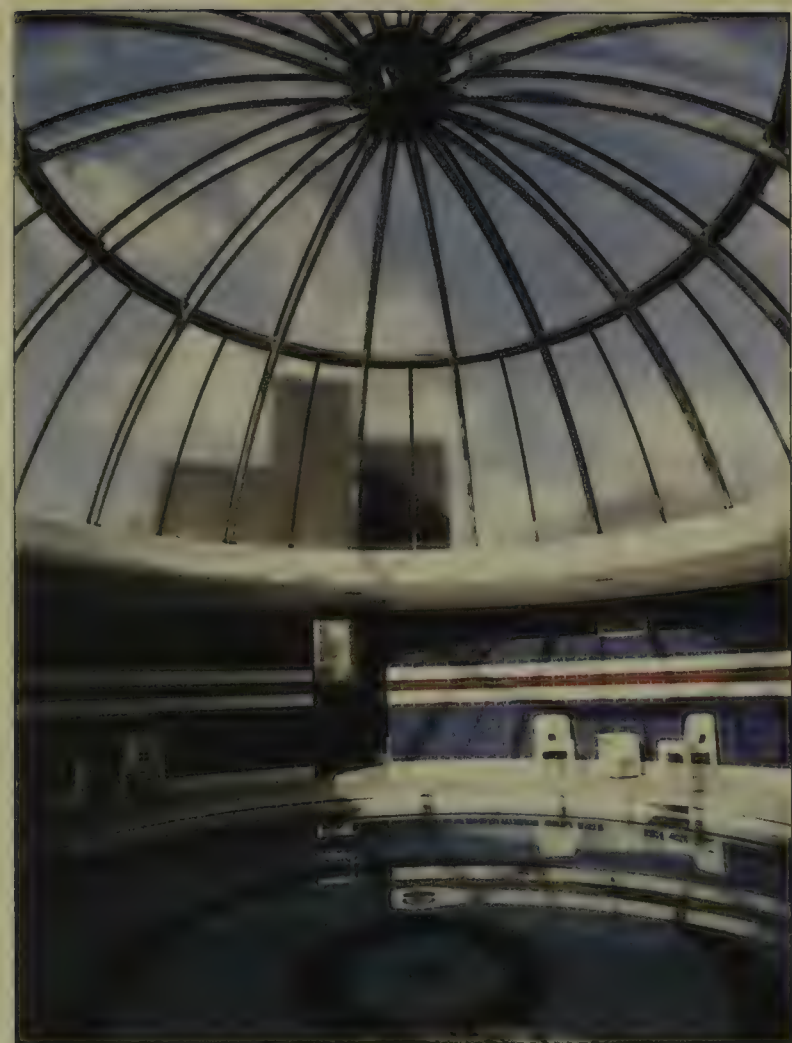


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# U N I Q U E H O U S E





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The tiresome regulations in the terms of the lease proved too much for the American millionaire Frederick Koch who tried to buy another Burton Villa, St John's Lodge, last year. Like The Holme, St John's Lodge was leased to Bedford College, part of London University, which has recently been moved to Holloway College near Egham in Surrey. It has 2½ acres of garden, 40 bedrooms, a vast ballroom and a library on the ground floor. Listed Grade II with a star, St John's Lodge will cost £9 million for a 75 year lease and a ground rent of £5,000 for the first 25 years, then £10,000 for the next 25 and £20,000 for the remaining years. On top of this there will be restoration and improvements required by the Crown Estates costing at least £5 million.

The leaseholder would have to employ and pay for the Crown's chosen architect, interior decorator and landscape artist and would have to take full responsibility for the planning, supervision and completion of the work to Crown Estates—not his—satisfaction, on the recommendation of Lord Perth, First Crown Estate Commissioner 1962-77, who called for “a sacro-

sanct principle of no change”.

The unfortunate Mr Koch thought he was doing us all a favour by taking on this totally unmodernized building and doing it up as a study centre and gallery for his £30 million collection of 19th-century art.

But after many months of negotiations with the English Heritage Trust, Westminster City Council, the Crown Estates and the Royal Fine Arts Commission and other preservationists, it was decided that Koch's proposals would not be in keeping with the interior of the building, particularly some of its murals. Koch gave up and bought 785 acre Sutton Place, the Grade I Elizabethan pad in Surrey once owned by Paul Getty. The Sultan of Brunei is now believed to have his eye on St John's Lodge.

Departing a little from the sacrosanct principle of no change, the Crown Estates Commissioners have recently announced a plan for six new villas to be designed by Quinlan Terry, each in different styles, along the Grand Union Canal on the Outer Circle of the park. These will

have a modest four-to-six bedrooms but have already been described as the most expensive modern properties in London.

The Crown Estates would like to convert the Diorama, home of one of the original 200 seat daguerrotype light shows, into an up-market block of flats. The Diorama, which is in an 1823 Nash terrace leading into Marylebone Road, has already been a chapel, a rheumatism clinic and a part of Bedford College, but the Diploma Arts Trust is conducting a spirited campaign to raise £3 million to preserve the building as an artistic community.

Probably even more sacrilegiously, Labour councillors on the Marylebone Borough Council have suggested that some Nash

**‘Labour councillors have suggested that some Nash terraces should make way for housing estates.’**

terraces which have suffered damage should be removed to make way for housing estates.

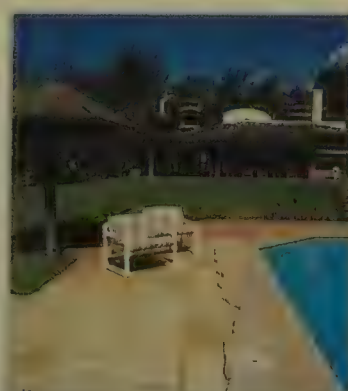
Some terraces have works schedules for leaseholders running to 43 pages, covering such details as the repair of banisters and parquet floors to the provision of Welsh slates. No plastic piping, outside television aerials, floodlighting or security cameras are allowed and all iron-

work must be in the correct Regency pattern. The houses are all of an approved cream colour.

Sometimes it seems that Crown Estates lose sight of the fact that the whole Regent's Park idea grew out of a rather vague notion that it would be nice for the Prince Regent to be able to travel from Carlton House Terrace via Regent Street to take tea in Primrose Hill without seeing anything that would displease the royal eye. The Prime Minister, Spencer Perceval, who lived in the area and enjoyed walking, later persuaded John Nash that it might be a good idea to put his villas around the edge of the park rather than in the middle.

Probably the worst act of vandalism, however, was that of the Duke of Bedford who introduced American grey squirrels to the Regent's Park Zoo in 1905. The grey squirrels escaped and killed the native red squirrels and spread through the rest of the country. Animal conservationists tried to put things right three years ago by introducing 10 red squirrels with radio transmitters on their backs. Special food hoppers full of nuts were provided throughout the park. Six red squirrels were killed by cars, and one by a cat, and one suffered a radio failure.

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# The end of the summer surge?

Even without the unsettling effects of June's General Election campaign, summer is always a delicate, crucial time for London house prices. In each of the last two years when prices shot up by at least 20 per cent, and in some areas nearly 30 per cent, the surge came to a sudden end in midsummer. Sellers who priced their houses on the basis of a continuing trend had to reduce their asking prices. The year's increase, from May, 1986 up to this May, has been 26 per cent in Greater London, according to the Halifax Building Society. Estate agents are still expecting price increases to tail off shortly.

"It's a bit like someone turning off the tap," says Sue Gillie of the South London agents Morgan Gillie. "Plants which put on a lot of tender growth early in the summer suddenly start wilting. The higher the price the worse it is. People who projected their prices too optimistically tended to be disappointed."

Houses are in demand in the

early part of the year because most people like to complete the moving process, which usually takes three months, by the start of the school year in September. First-time flat-buyers without a property to sell are more flexible which is why their price increases do not conform to the general trend. If you are not fussy about when you move, August is a good time to buy but December is even better.

The soaring cost of housing has led to an increase in shared ownerships—two men or two girls, one of each, brothers and sisters or any combination, so long as there are two salaries to pay the mortgage. Instead of the old arrangement of calculating one's buying power by tripling one's salary, complicated sums involving several salaries are becoming a noticeable phenomenon in London.

On the other hand there are the lucky people whose families have owned London houses for

many years without giving serious thought to their value, often living very modestly in properties that are worth a small fortune. According to Mrs Gillie, the children of such families are another recent London phenomenon. Struggling couples in the 35-40 age group suddenly find themselves quite rich when their parents die leaving a house in Kensington worth £500,000 or more. They usually go and live in Clapham, or some such upwardly mobile area, with a house that continues to spiral in price and a lot of spare cash for educating the children.

There has also been an increasing tendency for such people to move out of London altogether, to the country house of which they have always dreamed.

Another new development has been the movement of Commonwealth immigrants, many of whom came to depressed parts of London in the 1950s and 1960s before house prices started to get out of control. Some West Indians who bought houses in Brixton for £2,000 or £3,000 have now sold up for £100,000 and moved to Tooting,

Morden or Croydon. Some, now reaching retiring age, have taken their money and their pension and gone back to Jamaica.

Up-market estate agents still pin their hopes on the Big Bang and the long-term future of London as a financial centre. London is still cheaper than Paris or New York, says Peter Baxendale of John D. Wood, and as long as there are enough good properties on the market, there will be multi-national executives who will buy them. The Big Bang effect filters through the whole property market, says Baxendale.

‘People who projected their prices too optimistically tended to be disappointed.’

Whether you are a badly-paid teacher or nurse, or a city executive with a telephone-number salary, it is likely your house will

increase in value much more quickly than your earnings power. Some houses in North Kensington are said to have been going up by as much as £1,000 a day over the last few months.

The desire to scramble on to the bandwagon is, if anything, keener at the first-time flat-buyer's level than in the market for spacious well-appointed mansions with big gardens ○

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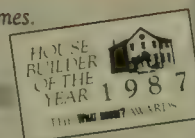
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# REVIEWS

## CINEMA

### Raising a baby in Arizona

BY GEORGE PERRY

The actor Nicolas Cage, with his slack jaw and drooping, hooded, unfocused eyes, is perfectly cast to play the loser in the game of life. We saw him recently as the feckless husband in Coppola's *Peggy Sue Got Married*. In *Raising Arizona* he is Hi, a small-time thief who specializes in sticking up remotely situated all-night convenience stores, but so lacking in concentration, even in this modest calling, that he is wont to lock the keys inside his own getaway car. It is scarcely surprising that he is in and out of the slammer at frequent and regular intervals. So predictable are his arrests that a bizarre romance develops between him and the tiny girl cop, Ed, played by Holly Hunter, whose job it is to take photographs of the apprehended.

With the semi-blessing of the wary parole board, they marry and settle in her modest trailer home on the edge of the desert. She is obsessed with the idea of parenthood, and he, now a reformed character, is drawn along by her enthusiasm. There is, however, a snag. She turns out to be barren and the adoption societies have no time for them in view of Hi's criminal record.

Then a brash tycoon called Nathan Arizona, played by Trey Wilson, is presented by his wife with a set of quintuplets. That such bounty should fall on one fortunate couple while another is left wanting even one child is perceived by Hi and Ed as an inequity that should be remedied. They decide to adopt one of the Arizona babies in a clandestine raid and raise him as their own. The criminal aspect of kidnapping tiny infants does not occur to the naïve couple. Their sense of morality is simple—they work on the premise that one out of five will hardly be missed.

They completely misjudge the reaction, of course. The case becomes notorious because Nathan Arizona, adept at manipulating the broadcasting media, makes it so. Ed has problems explaining the sudden appearance of a baby to friends and two of Hi's former cellmates who descend on them quickly size up the opportunities for betrayal and reward-claiming.

Most horrific of all is a trigger-happy motorbike maniac (played by Randall "Tex" Cobb), equipped with an arsenal of appalling weaponry, who has been hired as a bounty hunter. No harmless roadside animal is safe from his roving shotgun as he rides the desert highways. He is calculatedly designed like something that has wandered in from another, much darker movie, and is literally the stuff of nightmares, with the capability of thrusting his loathsome image into Hi's dreams.

Hi and Ed, in spite of their social shortcomings, possess much charm, and their childlike relationship is endearing. Even if it is difficult to accept their principles, we respect them for the courage with which they stick to them.

The originators of this satisfying film are the Coen brothers, Ethan, who produced, and Joel, who directed the script that they wrote together. They are the clever young team who made the stylish, ingenious, low-budget thriller *Blood Simple*, and this

latest work represents their transition into mainstream film-making. Their touch is remarkably accomplished and mature, and they have a deep love of cinema which shows in every frame. The kidnapping of babies is perhaps not the most promising of material for a screen comedy, especially as the method, a ladder in the dead of night to the nursery window, suggests an uncomfortable parallel with the Lindbergh tragedy, but the Coens skate past tastelessness with the dextrous panache of Preston Sturges or Billy Wilder, whose films they clearly adore, and that has to be praise indeed. It is to be hoped we shall hear more from them.

## ART

### The royals draw crowds to RA show

BY EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

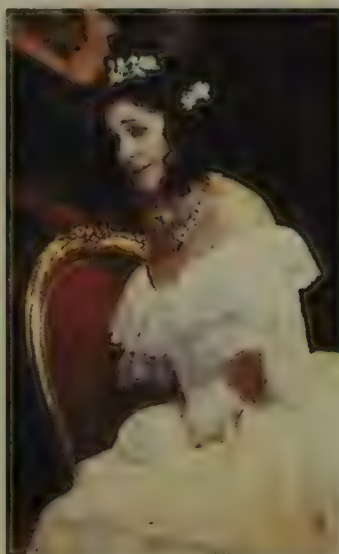
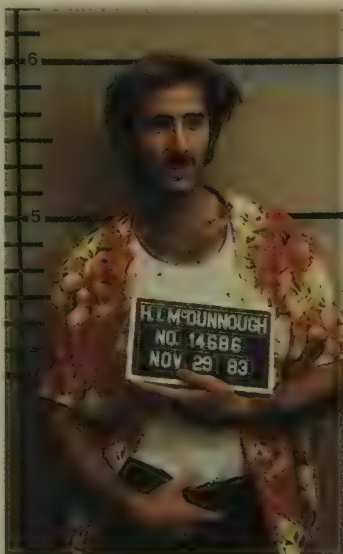
The Royal Academy's Summer Show retains some of its establishment allure. The public will flock to see John Merton's etiolated triple portrait of the Princess of Wales, to look at the work of Sarah Armstrong-Jones (a student at the Royal Academy Art Schools, and in with two entries),

and snuffle about for the water-colour which Prince Charles has had accepted under the pseudonym of Arthur G. Carrick. Thousands of people will visit it who never dream of going to any other art exhibition.

The days when the Summer Show was a totally separate entity, and quite different in atmosphere from the world of so-called "modern art", are now over, however. Once again the Academy is ready to offer the hospitality of its walls to most of Britain's leading painters, and at least a handful of its best sculptors. Some leading British modernists have sent in works that are particularly handsome—among them John Bellany, newly elected ARA, and Robert Medley, now in his 80s and painting better than ever.

Some of the so-called traditionalists show up pretty well, too. One is Norman Blamey, who has been consistently underrated by modernist critics. His portrait of William Golding is a brilliant characterization; and his deeply hostile likeness of a well-known academic is, in its own way, even more memorable.

In sculpture the honours are carried off by Michael Sandle, whose huge bronze, *The Drummer*, dominates the Central Hall. It has just been purchased for the Tate under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, which at one blow removes Sandle's long-cherished outsider status. Eduardo Paolozzi's two *Self-*



CLIVE BARDA



Nicolas Cage, left, in *Raising Arizona*; Marie McLaughlin, centre, in *La Traviata* at Glyndebourne; right, Paolozzi's self-portrait at the RA.



*Portraits* are well worth looking at, too. But, alas, most of the rest is feeble; and quite a lot is in the most excruciating taste imaginable. Glynn Williams, the best of the new generation of stone-carvers and the most plausible heir to Epstein, is not present, but is represented by a few of his feeble imitators.

Nevertheless this is the best Summer Show for many years—rich, various and (the selection committee may hate this description) cheerful. Almost the most cheerful thing of all is the Hockney print *Bounce for Bradford*, printed, web-offset in an edition of 110,000 copies and available at the RA shop for 18p.

## OPERA

# Impact of Glyndebourne Traviata

BY MARGARET DAVIES

In his foreword to the 1987 Glyndebourne Festival programme book, Sir George Christie alludes to a long-term plan to enlarge the present theatre in order to fulfil the ever-increasing and insatiable demand for tickets. This must be good news to all the hundreds of opera-goers whose applications are rejected every year. It would also be of financial benefit to the festival which relies for its survival on audiences and sponsors. But it would be essential to guard against losing the intimacy of scale which is one of the theatre's most notable characteristics and a vital element in the Mozart tradition built up over half a century.

It is also proving significant in the new Verdi series launched by Bernard Haitink and Peter Hall. *La traviata* was an obvious choice—it is only surprising that this year's production is the first at Glyndebourne. The opera, which Verdi based on the life of the courtesan Marie Duplessis, is a moving and personal tragedy which gains in impact from the compact scale of John Gunter's handsome sets.

Violetta's dark-walled, candle-lit supper room, with its dominant painting of a recumbent nude, hints at amorous assignments, while Flora's Second Empire salon, where outrageous party games are played, has a more blatant vulgarity. Alfredo and Violetta's villa near Paris is a

masterpiece of detailed scenic design, with its conservatory giving a view over the rolling countryside and a comfortably furnished interior warmed by an open fire. Violetta's Paris bedroom, dim and shuttered, is claustrophobically full of her pathetic treasures, pictures and trinkets jumbled together, now that she has ceased to care for worldly goods and has given her few remaining *louis* to the poor. Clocks abound: there is one in each scene as though to emphasize her accelerating passage to the grave.

The producer, Peter Hall, makes no bones about Violetta's profession or her state of health. Marie McLaughlin, uncannily resembling Vienot's portrait of Marie Duplessis, presides with frenetic gaiety over a boisterous supper party, which includes some distinctly *louche* individuals; she coughs blood into her handkerchief after her fainting fit; and at the end of "Ah, fors'è lui" hurls wine all over the stage. The excesses of her behaviour are offset by her dark-eyed fragility and the fevered intensity of her singing of "Sempre libera" as she tries to shrug off her mortal illness. She is particularly affecting in the scene with Germont *père* when at the end of "Dite alla giovine", sung with a beautiful *mezza voce*, she leans against the armchair and slowly sinks to the floor in a crumpled heap, gazing up at Germont with great, wounded eyes. Her dramatic insight into the role contributes to a performance which offers much finely controlled and richly coloured singing.

The American tenor Walter MacNeil sings Alfredo's first-act drinking song too carefully and is diffident in his declaration of love to Violetta. Once installed in his country retreat, he gains confidence and sings with greater ardour, but it is a performance as yet incomplete. The baritone Brent Ellis, also American, portrays Germont as a pillar of rectitude, singing in forthright tones, but brings little emotion to his relationships with either his son Alfredo or Violetta. Glyndebourne standards are maintained in the well-integrated cameo roles, especially Enid Hartle's Annina and David Hillman's Gastone. In spite of exquisite orchestral playing in the overture and elsewhere, there is more passion and lyricism in Verdi's score than Bernard Haitink extracted at the opening night. But there is already much to delight ear and eye, and individual performances will mature as the season progresses.

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# The mouse that roared

BY ROBERT BLAKE

## **An Affair of State: The Profumo Case and the Framing of Stephen Ward**

by Phillip Knightley and Caroline Kennedy Cape, £12.95

## **Honeytrap: The Secret World of Stephen Ward**

by Anthony Summers and Stephen Dorril Weidenfeld, £12.95

Two pairs of authors have produced simultaneously and at the same price two books on the same subject with the same conclusions, based largely on the same evidence. Since much of that consists of interviews with the same people it would be surprising if the partnerships did not discover that the other was on the same trail. If there was a register to which authors could notify non-fiction projects they could still cut each others' throats but they would at least know what they were doing before they reached the point of no return—contracts signed, advances spent etc.

Dr Stephen Ward, osteopath, portraitist, kinky amorist, voyeur, social climber and windbag, was found guilty in August, 1963, of living on the immoral earnings of two prostitutes, Christine Keeler and Mandy Rice-Davies. He killed himself before he knew the verdict. Ward had a cottage for a peppercorn rent in the grounds of Cliveden, seat of his friend and patient, Viscount Astor. There he introduced Keeler to John Pro-

fumo, Secretary for War, and Eugene Ivanov, Assistant Russian Naval Attaché and GRU agent. The ensuing uproar after months of lurid rumours shook the London social and political world to the core. The Government tottered.

Ward was a promiscuous and perverse addict of the world of brothels and prostitutes. He may have been a brilliant osteopath and a good portraitist but he was a "social pimp" procuring "popsies" for rich friends and, according to one of these books, homosexual lovers for those of that inclination. There is something cryptic and slightly creepy about his photographed appearance but he must have had a certain charm and panache. Lord Denning, whose one-man report commissioned by the Prime Minister comes in for much criticism in both books, said on television that Ward was "the most evil man I have ever met". Being evil is not a criminal offence. Was Ward guilty of the actual charges on which he was convicted? The case was very flimsy, as Ludovic Kennedy pointed out long ago in *The Trial of Stephen Ward* (1964). It is hard to see why Counsel did not subpoena some of Ward's grand friends who were unwilling to give evidence. Lord Astor, contrary to the story repeated in both books, was not

one of them. In a letter to *The Times* on May 25 his widow says that he volunteered to appear but was never called and that she told this to the authors of *An Affair of State*.

If Ward had lived and appealed, his conviction would almost certainly have been quashed. Of the principal witnesses Keeler was convicted of perjury soon afterwards in another case, and Rice-Davies a year later publicly retracted her evidence. Both books make much of the possible involvement of Ward with MI5 in an effort to "turn" Ivanov by use of a "honeytrap" i.e. the charms of Keeler. There may be something in this but the evidence is uncertain, though partly supported by Ward's "case officer". But MI5 officers who are not supposed to tell anything are unlikely to tell all. Nor is the matter particularly relevant to the court case.

It does seem clear that from April 1 onwards the police made a very determined effort, almost to the point of harassment, to establish a case against Ward. Both books attribute this to Henry Brooke, the Home Secretary. In *An Affair of State* it is claimed that he feared that Ward might blow the gaffe on Profumo either purposely or by sheer indiscretion. I find this implausible. It is inference based on little evi-

dence. To prosecute Ward was to risk him blabbing the story in court. In any case if this theory is correct there was no point in going on when Profumo had confessed. The fat was already in the fire. Yet Ward was arrested three days after Profumo's letter of resignation was published. "Framing" seems excessive and there could be other reasons for the police to pursue the matter.

Of the two books *An Affair of State* is the better. *Honeytrap* pulls in a lot of irrelevancies and is the work of the sort of chip-on-the-shoulder journalists who can write "Brooke—Marlborough and Balliol—now turned the guns of the Establishment on Ward, the man from a minor public school and an obscure American college of osteopathy". Much of both books is based on dubious, shadowy and obscure evidence. Both try to bring in a connexion with President Kennedy's activities as a stud but it adds up to nothing. Neither deals with the only interesting problem. Why did prurient rumour and fantastic speculation nearly bring down a government with a majority of 100? Why did the London of 1963 suddenly become as credulous and dotty as that of Titus Oates? But it would require authors with very different talents to answer those questions.

## RECENT FICTION

## Short, sharp and shocking

BY IAN STEWART

### **The Stories of Muriel Spark**

Bodley Head, £12.95

### **Collected Short Stories**

by Kingsley Amis

Hutchinson, £11.95

### **A Sport of Nature**

by Nadine Gordimer

Cape, £10.95

### **Away From Home**

by Penelope Farmer

Gollancz, £10.95

The fictional world of Muriel Spark, as her recently published

collection of short stories reminds us, is one in which things go bump not only in the night. Her ghosts work right round the clock like the one that narrates the opening story, *The Portobello Road*. "I must explain that I departed this life nearly five years ago," she tells us after giving a nasty shock to some old friends she has met in the market.

The frivolity and mischievousness of this remark give one a foretaste of that distinctively Sparkish quality, the authorial voice at once remote but omniscient, teasing but sinister. If it is a voice of God-like superiority it also presides over a world in which diabolical influences are ceaselessly at work. In *The Twins* the narrator is caught in the crossfire of an orgy of character assassination involving her hosts and their two children and wonders who is lying about

whom. While she suspects that the malevolent children are engaged in casting their parents in their own image, the reader may conclude that Muriel Spark is enjoying herself in the role of malevolent puppeteer.

Elsewhere she conjures an alarming picture of life as a jungle in which, if we go unarmed, we do so at our peril. Daphne, in *The Go-Away Bird*, strides through it with unnerving fearlessness both in the African bush and, when she comes to England in 1946, among eccentric Home Counties relations and the bohemian society to which she escapes from them. Though sexual and fictional predators abound, there remains something pitifully arbitrary about Daphne's death.

The author maintains a tight moral and imaginative grip on the development of this and another of the excellent African stories,

*Bang-Bang You're Dead*, in which Sybil, watching a film of her early life, relives her experience as the sacrificial victim of a couple savagely at war with each other. The writing, too, in stories that are either disturbing or exhilarating, is carefully controlled and suspiciously matter-of-fact. Occasionally the reader is ambushed by startling images as with Sybil's reflection on the empty mind of her late husband (mauled by a lioness 18 months after their marriage) which seemed to her "like a landed fish which has ceased to palpitate".

Kingsley Amis describes his collection of stories as "chips from a novelist's work-bench". Though obviously different in scale they do tend to have the form and internal proportions of the novel. Stories like *Court of Inquiry*, about a junior officer who is careless enough to lose a





"STAND EASY."

H. M. Bateman was one of Britain's most entertaining and popular cartoonists. Best known for "The Man Who" series, which generally reflected every man's nightmare of doing the wrong thing at a public social occasion, Bateman's skill and originality lay principally in his ability to draw people as they felt. An example of this is the collapse of the guardsmen's heads on the order "Stand Easy", reproduced from *The Best of H. M. Bateman*, a selection of cartoons first published in *Tatler* between 1922 and 1926, and now published in book form, with a foreword by Mark Boxer, by the Bodley Head at £11.95.

charging-engine on a convoy in Belgium, have a compactness and completeness far removed from the impressionistic "landscape with figures but without characters". Major Raleigh, who sets up his ridiculous kangaroo court, and young Lieutenant Archer on whose negligence it is to sit in judgment and who makes a mockery of it by behaving like a hysterical schoolgirl, are portrayed in sufficient depth to give real substance to this satire on military discipline.

Equally satisfying as a chip from the work-bench is *Moral Fibre*, in which the self-deception and pretensions of a social worker trying to rescue a prostitute are seen through the eyes of a worldly, well-meaning Welsh librarian. Admirers of Amis's "SF-drink" stories will enjoy *Investing in Futures*, in which a temporal probe unit seeks to discover how well the new strains of vine, developed by the French and thought to be resistant to the deadly phylloxera, will be doing in the year 2003. There is money to be made in such advance knowledge if not quite in the way these time-travellers had expected. Definitely vintage Amis.

From a picaresque novel we might expect a colourful account of the adventures of a rogue, on an epic scale perhaps and satirical in intent. It is not a form in which we would expect a novel about the struggles of black revolutionaries in South Africa to be cast. In Nadine Gordimer's *A Sport of Nature* the adventuress is Hillela, a girl whose mother ran off to Mozambique with another

man, leaving her to be brought up in a Rhodesian boarding school and with her two aunts. She is obliged to leave the school after going out with a coloured boy and, when only 17, is cast out by both families.

Her subsequent life is an extraordinary journey through Africa's liberation. In Ghana, in the 1960s, she marries a black revolutionary who is later killed. In America she is on the point of marrying a distinguished economist when she becomes the mistress of an African general who, as president of his country and chairman of the OAU, attends the proclamation of the new African state that was formerly South Africa.

One can accept this bold leap into the future as the climax of the novel without ever understanding what has motivated the seductive Hillela's involvement in the struggle leading to it. Life with an enlightened liberal family like that of Aunt Pauline and her lawyer husband Joe would certainly have encouraged the development of a social conscience but Hillela seems to be moved entirely by instinct.

Penelope Farmer's *Away From Home* is an account of a more personal kind of journey. Over a span of nearly 30 years we follow Elinor from her spell as an 18-year-old in a German pension in 1957 to Santa Fe, Jerusalem, Córdoba and to Holi in India, and from the failure of her first marriage to the promise of a second via a succession of lovers. Her search for an emotional refuge is sympathetically portrayed.

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# A sporting chance on the road

Stuart Marshall looks at Japan's low-cost sports car options.

What is a sports car? An uncomfortable, draughty two-seater, driven by young men wearing cavalry twills and regimental ties? It was the case years ago, when Britain had a virtual monopoly of their manufacture. But now a sports car can be anything from a £90,000 Porsche to a 16-valve-engined VW Golf GTi family hatchback; a Ferrari Testarossa to a Jaguar XJ-S. The traditional open two-seater lingers on, but the term really covers any kind of car in which the owner feels it is better to travel than to arrive. Most sports cars today are open, not closed, and the country offering the largest variety of them is Japan.

With their usual skill, Japanese car makers made it their business some years ago to discover that not every buyer of a sports—or at any rate sporting—car was interested solely in performance. It was important, but so were its looks. Snappy styling was as high a priority as vivid acceleration and certainly more important than a 120 mph or so maximum speed, which is legally unusable.

Many, one might even say most, sports car buyers today enjoy the feeling of being in a car with looks that set it apart from the herd. They use its sharp handling and good roadholding not to out-corner all comers but to add a little zest to motoring.

For a typical example of the Japanese sports car, take the Nissan Silvia Turbo. It sits on ultra-low-profile tyres and sculptured alloy wheels and is styled to stimulate the senses even when it is standing still. Under the long, downswept bonnet is a 1.8 litre turbocharged four-cylinder engine, putting out 130 horsepower.

I have been driving one quite a lot recently. The power-assisted steering is responsive and effortless, making the Silvia equally at home on winding roads or being squeezed into parking bays. Acceleration is vigorous—it has three-speed plus overdrive automatic transmission. At moderate cruising speeds it yields nearly 30 mpg. When the car is driven hard, with the turbo coming into operation to boost acceleration, consumption rises to around 23-25 mpg.

The ride is firm but not uncomfortably so; the front seats are

excellent, but legroom and headroom are limited in the rear. The load floor takes two sets of golf clubs with room to spare. It has two electrically adjusted mirrors, a super-efficient heater, interior release for fuel flap and tailgate and is totally untemperamental.

At about £12,500 the Silvia gives me most of the fun of a Ferrari at a tiny fraction of the price. Others of its kind include the admirable Toyota Celica GT. Unlike the Silvia, this has front-wheel drive, which makes it rather roomier in the back and it can be considered a proper four-seater, not a two-plus-two. Instead of turbocharging, the Toyota has a multi-valve 2 litre engine. Its performance is even better than the Silvia's, with a

driver will find that fuel economy is not its forte, but one cannot have everything. The RX-7 is a lovely car for a long journey, but equally suitable as a glamorous means of driving locally.

Even sportier than the RX-7, though it looks more like a family hatchback, is the Mazda 323 Turbo 4×4 Lux at about £11,750. This bundle of high technology has a 16-valve, 1.6 litre engine with turbocharger and intercooler, permanently engaged four-wheel drive with a 50/50 front/rear distribution and a rare mix of performance and safe handling.

Unlike some of the most potent front-wheel-driven "hot hatchbacks", the Mazda's full turbocharged power may safely

the gearshift was finger-light and it cornered with little roll at outrageous speeds. Not the sort of things, perhaps, that will endear the CRX to those who buy it just because it is petite, pretty and affordable, but proof that Japanese sports cars really go as well as looking the part.

Recently, Daihatsu has introduced a remarkably potent 1 litre, three-cylinder Charade GTi, with no less than 100 horsepower on tap from its 12-valve (four per cylinder) engine. This three-door four-seater is said to do 115 mph. When I drove it in Spain, I had no chance of confirming that claim but the Charade GTi rushed me up the curvy road from the coast to Ronda like a supercharged roller skate. Actually, it is turbocharged and intercooled and is said to be the most powerful production car of its engine size in the world. The ride is on the hard side and few bumps or potholes pass unnoticed but it is beautifully put together and, at £7,700, quite remarkable value.

Mitsubishi's sportiest car is the Starion—allegedly supposed to be the Stallion but Japanese do have trouble pronouncing "L" differently from "R" and are too proud to admit to having made that kind of mistake! A lot of rallying experience has gone into the Starion, which one might loosely think of as a piston-engined counterpart of the Mazda RX-7. It is fast (133 mph), well equipped, handles well and has outstandingly good brakes.

Subaru and Isuzu are two Japanese makes one normally associates with four-wheel drive and off-roading more than sports cars. But Subaru has just introduced its XT Turbo sports coupé to Britain with a sophisticated permanent four-wheel-drive transmission. This 120 mph two-plus-two costs £14,500 with five-speed manual, £15,500 with four-speed automatic transmission. It has a turbocharged, flat-four cylinder 1.8 litre engine with fuel injection.

The Isuzu Piazza is a classically beautiful but, under its sheet metal, quite old-fashioned two-plus-two with a non-independent, driven rear axle. With turbocharger, 2 litre engine and dripping with accessories, it costs £9,999 ○



Nissan's Silvia Turbo with a 1.8 litre four-cylinder engine for £12,500.

higher top speed and lower fuel consumption. Equipment also includes a powered sunroof and air conditioning. The price is about £13,740 for the five-speed manual, £14,500 for the automatic.

A smaller 1.6 litre multi-valve engine powers the delicious Toyota MR2, a mid-engined, strictly two-seat sports car of outstanding performance but also offering all the civilized amenities. At £11,500 for the closed version, £12,000 for the T-Bar with removable roof panels, there is nothing else on the market like an MR2.

Mazda's sports cars could not be more different from one another. The RX-7, with an uncanny resemblance (coincidental, Mazda swear) to the Porsche 944, has a Wankel rotary engine of turbine-like smoothness and considerable potency. A hard

be used on roads made slippery by rain. Last winter, while driving a 323 4×4 on a cross-country journey, I realized how bad conditions had become only when I saw other cars struggling to climb hills that I just flew over. On the motorway the Mazda becomes rather noisy, because it is fairly low geared. Providing you drive it gently, it is surprisingly economical, but lavish use of its performance potential has to be paid for in higher fuel consumption.

Honda's little CRX coupé is a precision instrument to delight a driver seeking sharp, responsive handling, lots of urge and mechanical refinement in a moderately priced package. It costs £8,630. I was lucky enough to be able to explore its handling on a race circuit in the pouring rain. The engine ran up to 6,500 rpm and over with silky smoothness,



# MUSEUM OF THE YEAR

# 1987

## AWARD WINNERS

The Manchester Museum has won this year's £2,000 Museum of the Year Award and *The Illustrated London News* trophy, a porcelain sculpture by Henry Moore. The museum, part of the university, has won the award for the rehabilitation of the displays in its public galleries, notably those for Egyptology and botany.

The Museum has one of the finest Egyptian collections in this country, including mummies and a remarkable series of everyday objects. These are now well displayed and interpreted to provide a clear understanding of what life must have been like in ancient Egypt. The new botany gallery (like those of Egyptology) is light and

attractively laid out. The main aim is to illustrate the habitats to be found in and around Manchester, but there are also demonstrations of the economic value of plants and

a greenhouse which forms part of the gallery.

Other winners this year were the Calderdale Industrial Museum in Halifax, which received the Unilever

Award for the best museum of industry and social history, Worthing (award for the best archaeology museum, sponsored by the BBC Archaeology Unit), the Thorburn Museum and Gallery at Dobwalls, Cornwall (best art museum award, sponsored by Sotheby's), South Molton in Devon (award for the best small museum, sponsored by Museum Casts Ltd), Wigan Pier (special judges' award, sponsored by Book Club Associates), and the Museum of London (publications award, sponsored by Watmoughs of Bradford). In addition, the judges gave a special commendation to Duxford Airfield, the Imperial War Museum's outstation in Cambridgeshire.



Left, the Egyptian mummy in the foreground exemplifies the superb exhibits in Manchester Museum's spacious and well-lit Egyptology galleries.

Above, the Museum's botany gallery displays some of the local habitats around Manchester (in the foreground), and in the background a profusion of plants bursts forth from the greenhouse within the gallery. Right, Leo Grindon, a pioneer of adult education in botany in the 17th century, who distributed seeds and plants to brighten the backyards of Manchester's terraced houses.





# A deserved Rhône renaissance

BY MICHAEL BROADBENT

Rhône wines are on the up and up. Indeed, they have probably arrived at the summit. Their relatively recent appreciation, that is to say by those to whom "Rhône" previously meant decent, but not all that special, red wine, is well deserved. But the reflection of this new interest, and demand, has not unnaturally resulted in high prices. However, there is simply no point in going back 20 or even 10 years to see what they used to be, any more than it is useful to compare London house prices today with those in the early 1970s.

When thinking of Rhône wines a handful of names spring to (my) mind. In this country the pioneer specialists in the best and most interesting wines of the Rhône and Loire are Yapp Brothers of Mere. Their 1987 list, as always, makes fascinating reading, for Robin Yapp knows his subject and enthuses. Next, there is O. W. Loeb & Company, who combine their UK agency of Paul Jaboulet



Jaboulet Aîné's top vineyard, La Chapelle.

Aîné Rhône wines with an unquestionably high-class wine merchant's business. Whenever I look through their list, much wider-ranging than Yapp's but less detailed, I have the feeling that they really know their subject, and that the wines are all personally selected and of an

impeccable quality. Not Tesco prices, of course. But if you have only one life and one liver, price really should be of secondary consideration. Fine wines are, quite simply, better for you.

To cite but two names in the Rhône Valley itself, I would unhesitatingly nominate the above-mentioned Paul Jaboulet Aîné, a family-owned company of considerable size and importance which consistently achieves high standards, and Gérard Chave, a grower whose reputation, once known to only the favoured few, has now been trumpeted afar, the result being that his wines are in danger of being affordable only by the more discerning.

Yet the Rhône renaissance is neither undeserved nor overdue. The wines of the Rhône Valley, first planted well before the Roman occupation, were considered so good, so sturdy and so well balanced that they were frequently blended with the thinner weaker red Bordeaux in the 18th and early 19th centuries to give claret more substance and acceptability, particularly among English customers. Christie's catalogues around the turn of the 18th century not infrequently list "Hermitaged" claret. Even Lafite "Hermitaged" was not unknown.

Another virtue of the fine Rhône reds is their longevity and, more important than just age, their capacity to develop and improve in bottle. Partly because we have not been in the habit of cellaring Rhône reds, older vintages are hard to get hold of and now are correspondingly expensive. For example, the 1961 vintage of Paul Jaboulet

Aîné's top vineyard, La Chapelle, has reached dizzy heights at auction: up to £1,700 per dozen.

The river Rhône flows through Geneva, joins the Saône at Lyons and is deflected due south. The Rhône, viticulturally, can be conveniently divided into two regions. The northern section, the subject of this article, stretches from Côte-Rôtie, just downstream from Vienne, to Cornas. The southern section centres on Châteauneuf-du-Pape, north of Avignon. The river is almost a gorge near Côte-Rôtie, whose cliff-like "roasted slopes" produce reds which are full of fruit when young and develop richly with age. Neighbouring Condrieu produces on equally steep slopes small quantities of highly regarded dry white wine from the exclusive Viognier grape. Château Grillet, whose vineyard boasts the smallest individual *appellation* in France, is in an enclave on the same right bank of the river. The wine is expensive, a situation which always provokes criticism. It does seem to vary enormously in style from vintage to vintage, but this is perhaps just an increasingly rare reflection of weather variations which can be so blandly equalized by clever wine making in more sophisticated regions.

Across the river, an hour or so's drive down the N7, is Tain-L'Hermitage, for me the heart of the northern Rhône. The best wines have a depth and structure, flavour and elegance, which puts them among top reds of the world. A fairly recent vintage will retail around £10-£15 a bottle, though at a Loeb tasting not long ago I was rather shattered at the price—£190.50 (plus VAT) to the trade—for Jaboulet's admittedly deep, rich and magnificent 1985 vintage of La Chapelle. Crozes-Hermitage, made from vines grown on less favoured vineyard sites, both on the valley floor and on a sort of plateau above and behind, are good but less intense, and correspondingly less expensive. White wine is also produced. Always dry. I often note a squeeze of lemon on the nose of Hermitage Blanc. The best keep well and remind me of Haut-Brion Blanc in weight and style. Jaboulet's romantically named Chevalier de Sterimberg is typical of the best ○

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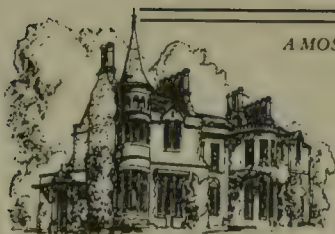
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## HOTELS

# Cotswold rivals

BY HILARY RUBINSTEIN

Stratford-upon-Avon has never lacked visitors, but now, with three theatres and new tourist attractions opening to add to the hallowed Bardic shrines, the city and its environs deserve more than a one-day pilgrimage. Would that the town itself could emulate Bath and provide a dozen worthy options for the overnight visitor. Stratford does not lack beds, but alas it has precious little to offer the discriminating traveller who prefers small hotels of character to big hotels. If you have a car, you will do much better to make for one of the many attractive Cotswold villages within a 20 mile radius.

Chipping Campden, 12 miles to the south, is one of my favourite Cotswold towns. It is not on a major through road and is much less geared to the coach trade than, say, Broadway or Burford; but its main street of mellow stone houses is as shamelessly picturesque as you will find anywhere in Europe.

Until recently, asked to recommend the best hotel in Chipping Campden, I would have suggested the King's Arms. Centrally placed facing the old Market Square, it is made up of two adjoining buildings—one Georgian and the other 17th-century—and has a particularly agreeable garden at the back where superior bar lunches are served when the weather allows. The King's Arms has lots of character—great open fires, winding staircases, some good pieces of furniture—and a decent restaurant, but it is not one of those well-heeled Cotswold retreats where the rooms come complete with television, radio clocks, and bathrooms en suite. Only two rooms have their own bathrooms, the owners having reasonably decided to keep prices down rather than punish the fabric and inevitably their tariff, too.

At Easter this year the King's Arms acquired a serious rival which happens to be next door. Cotswold House is not a new hotel but, though it occupies a fine Regency building more than a match for the King's Arms, it has for years lacked lustre. Now it has been given a magnificent facelift by two old hands at Cotswold innkeeping, Robert and Gill Greenstock.

Cotswold House is a visual delight. A spectacular spiral staircase dominates the hall; all the rooms are furnished with great flair; and the light airy restaurant facing a charming old garden is one of the most congenial dining-rooms I have come across in a long time. However, the house is not a self-conscious, designer's showplace: the Greenstocks have used local talent, but have clearly contributed their own design skills.

Rooms are comfortable without being extravagantly opulent. Beds are made up with duvets, but you have only to ask if you prefer old-fashioned bed linen. All the rooms have their own adjoining bathrooms and are equipped with television and radio clocks, but—a minor niggle—in room 10 you have to sit well up in bed to see the screen and control is manual. We could also have done with a proper shelf for washing and make-up paraphernalia in number 10's bathroom.

I would like to be able to say that our dinner was as *soigné* as its setting, but—though we may have been unlucky in our choices—it was a mixed experience. Some dishes were first-class, notably a vegetable terrine and roast goat's cheese as starters; others missed the mark. The set menu proved less rewarding than the *à la carte*. In contrast, breakfast the next morning was an unalloyed pleasure. Throughout our stay the service was as friendly and gracious as you could wish.

The Cotswold House tariff is on the high side, but you do get something special for your money; praise, too, for the admirable coffee house and snack bar that adjoins the hotel. I only wish its name could have been less twee than Greenstock's Eaterie.

**King's Arms**, Market Square, Chipping Campden, Glos GL55 6AW (0386 840256). Bed and breakfast: single £25, double £40-£52. Dinner £13.95. Prices include VAT and service (not service on dinner).

**Cotswold House**, Market Square, Chipping Campden, Glos GL55 6AN (0386 840330); telex 336810 CAMTEL G. Bed and breakfast: single from £30, double £55-£70. Dinner £13.50. Prices include VAT.

Hilary Rubinstein is editor of *The Good Hotel Guide*.



# English cheese saves the day

BY KINGSLEY AMIS

After the dreadful meals at Tante Claire I endured last month, I thought a plunge away from Frenchiness and back into hotel-land was in order. I felt doubly encouraged when I read in the current *Good Food Guide* a rave notice of one of the restaurants in the Hilton: "... the best of British produce ... remarkable enthusiasm ... boldness of the menu ... impeccable vegetables" and more in the same strain. In my experience a bold menu means combining flavours, like those of goat's cheese and heather honey, say, that for excellent reasons have never been combined before. But, public-spirited as ever, I gritted my teeth.

I need not have worried. The bold menu had been pushed out and a satisfactory cowardice reigned: instead of venison with sloe-gin sauce and skate wings with pickled nasturtium seeds, there were dishes people are actually known to like—fish and chips, mixed grill, roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, veal steak with mushrooms. The impeccable vegetables had, alas, very much gone, too. All that remained, I thought, of the former regime was the unusual and varied cheese-board, and here novelties really are welcome. The *Guide* calls it "a blistering indictment of the Milk Marketing Board's policy of cheese standardization over the last 20 years". I dare say it is, but I can't taste indictments myself, not even blistering ones, and I greatly doubt whether anyone but an expert can tell the difference of flavour between a pasteurized cheese and the unpasteurized varieties on offer here. But whatever they were, they were delicious, in first-rate condition and presented with true and most amiable enthusiasm.

But I run ahead of myself. Coming into the Hilton, the one off Park Lane, at least, is a significant experience in social anthropology. My sampling system shows that 89 per cent of the clientele are retired truck drivers and their wives from Frankfurt and Peoria, Illinois. The patrons of the St George's Bar on the ground floor are perhaps not all of that social standing. The place is a bit like an 1890s pub, with Burne-Jonesy figures done in whitewash on the wall-mirrors, padded armchairs and sofas reminding you strongly of leather, good service, highish prices. All in all not very cosy.

You do better in Trader Vic's Boathouse Bar downstairs. Here, in a pleasantly cool and quiet atmosphere, among devil-masks and other supposedly Caribbean apparatus too agreeable to be authentic, your choice from nearly 100 short and long and strong and weak drinks is quickly and expertly made. I drank a sort of Planter's Punch called a Queen's Park Swizzle, totally delicious and so cold I got a momentary headache from it, like a child after a swallow of ice-cream. Marvelous soft drinks are also available. Not cheap here either, but very cosy.

Waving aside such delicacies as Panko Beef Tidbits, Cheese Bings and Cho Cho (all at £3-plus), I went up a couple of floors to the



JANE HUMAN

British Harvest Restaurant. This has a large table in the middle covered with vegetable produce no one seemed to be going to eat and is shaped a bit like an orangery, featuring murals and more mirrors. On my evening visit a funereal gloom prevailed while lukewarm food was tardily brought to scattered groups of diners who might have been under premed before major surgery. There was music like that played in cinemas while you wait for the film to come on. Parching hairy crab, lamb cutlets needing every ounce of mint jelly and more, pigeon breast fit only for the casserole came and went largely intact. Only the cheeses saved the day.

All restaurants are different places at lunch-time and dinner-time, but this one changed almost out of recognition. At 1pm it was full of life and optimism. The very menu was different, though fortunately no bolder than at night. Not everything was a success: the squab pie as a starter could have done with a hefty spoonful of pickle, and salads relied as before on piling up multi-coloured lettuce instead of giving you things to eat. But mushroom salad, "Cumberland air-smoked" ham, red mullet, rack of lamb with rosemary sauce were all cleverly and carefully done. My own liver and bacon was an excellent, cooked-to-a-turn version of this deceptively easy-seeming dish. The slice of herb pie, perhaps a relic of departed boldness, could well have gone too. Unusually delectable fresh raspberries were available for those ill-advised enough to pass up the cheeses—all English, did I say?

The wine list is strong in clarets, from £13 to £200 for a 1966 Haut-Brion and above. Its

range includes wines from Provence, Austria, Switzerland, Spain, England and California. Its physical lay-out suggests a comprehensive attempt to interpret wine and wines to a clientele probably unfamiliar with the subject. Huge photographs call to mind that the stuff comes in bottles with corks and is often drunk out of glasses, but they do break up the print. Every page has a selection sensibly taken from the middle of the order with a non-mystical little blurb, and there is a Wine of the Month billed on the table, a Huxelrebe 1985 from Newhall, Essex at £9.50 the day I was there. Perhaps the same thinking produced the arrangement whereby decanting is done next to your table, complete with candle-flame. I would rather have this than my meal cooked under my eye and nose, but it is sadly true that anything along these lines is a conversation stopper.

The youthful wine-waiter won my heart when, asked to recommend a light California red, he would have none of them and took me to a Valpolicella, the cheapest wine on that part of the list. The service that lunchtime, if not always expert, was unfailingly willing and friendly, anxious that you should get the best they could offer. Somebody is trying hard and intelligently to elevate the British Harvest above the level expected in a Hilton hotel, and I think the effort deserves support. But, for the moment at least, I would stick to lunchtime.

British Harvest Restaurant at the London Hilton on Park Lane, 22 Park Lane, London W1A 2HH (493 8000). Mon-Sun 7-10.30am, noon-3pm, 6-10.30pm. Fixed price, inc of VAT and half bottle of wine, £15.50 per person. Also à la carte.



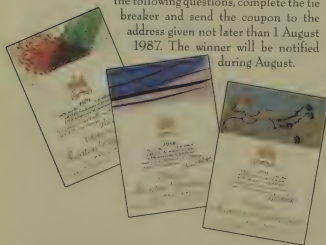
## VISIT THE PLACE WHERE THEY PRODUCE THE WINE EVEN OTHER CHATEAUX TALK ABOUT.

Readers of our June issue will have seen that Singapore Airlines are serving Château Mouton Rothschild 81 to First Class Passengers during July on all their flights from Europe to Singapore. As not everyone will be able to take advantage of the opportunity to taste this great claret with Singapore Airlines, a competition to visit Bordeaux, with all travel and famous Château and taste its fine wines. Geographically little more than a mere speck on the map in the parish of Pauillac, Mouton Rothschild is a name famous throughout the world for its wine – a conjunction of soil, climate, skill and the determination of Baron



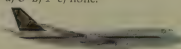
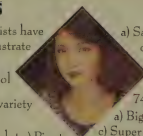
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- Which of the following artists have not been commissioned to illustrate a Mouton Rothschild label?  
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- What is the principal grape variety of Mouton Rothschild?  
a) Cabernet Sauvignon b) Merlot c) Pinot Noir
- Name the river that serves the whole Bordeaux region?  
a) Loire b) Saône c) Gironde
- What is the name of the uniform worn by all Singapore Airlines hostesses?  
a) Saraband b) Sarong Kebaya c) Sari
- What do Singapore Airlines call their advanced 747's?  
a) Big Top b) Big Bird c) Super Top.
- How many other airlines offer daily non-stop flights from the U.K. to Singapore?  
a) 5 b) 1 c) none.



Philippe de Rothschild – which was awarded the ultimate distinction of Premier Cru in 1973.

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Singapore Airlines have chosen to serve Château Mouton Rothschild 81 on their daily non-stop flights to Singapore from London and the two flights a week out of Manchester, in keeping with the high standards of inflight service "even other airlines talk about".



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REVIEWED JUNE, 1987.

### Bartholomew Fair

Ben Jonson's play, commemorating the 350th anniversary of the author's death, with peripheral entertainers & sideshows adding to the fairground atmosphere. Cast includes Peggy Mount & Christopher Biggins. Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1 (486 2431, cc 486 1933).

### ★ Breaking the Code

John Castle takes over from Derek Jacobi the role of Alan Turing, honoured for his part in breaking the enemy code Enigma, in Hugh Whitmore's remarkably evocative play. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc).

### ★ Brighton Beach Memoirs

In Neil Simon's semi-autobiographical play Susan Engel & Julie Covington are the Jewish sisters, with Harry Towb & Paul Reynolds as the head of the household & his 15-year-old son. Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 741 9999).

### Cats

Andrew Lloyd Webber uses T. S. Eliot's cat poems with craft as the basis of a musical. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 404 4079).

### ★ Chess

Spectacular show, by Tim Rice, Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus, imaginatively directed by Trevor Nunn, with the chess game a metaphor for political in-fighting between Russia & America. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (734 8951, cc 836 3464).

### ★ Court in the Act

This farce is probably the fastest-moving piece in the West End. Its adapters, Braham Murray (who also directs) & Robert Cogo-Fawcett, give us a night of engaging nonsense; inventive performances by Michael Denison, Gabrielle Drake & Lee Montague, among others. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 2294, cc 741 9999).

### ★ Every Man in His Humour

Ben Jonson's early comedy in a pro-



Kenneth Branagh, 26-year-old author, joint impresario and lead player of *Public Enemy*, which opens at the Lyric, Hammersmith on July 15.

duction of brisk complexity by John Caird. Pete Postlethwaite swaggers through Captain Bobadill, who knows in theory how 20 men can dispose of 40,000. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc).

### ★ High Society

Richard Eyre has borrowed some extra Cole Porter songs for this Porter mosaic. Though it goes on a bit too long, it is exceedingly professional & benefits from an unerring performance by Natasha Richardson. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317, cc).

### ★ Hyde Park

James Shirley's comedy of manners from 1632, very topical in the year Hyde Park opened, now appears, rather distractingly, in 20th-century costume. Still, Barry Kyle directs with invention; & the performances of Fiona Shaw & John Carlisle have an exhilarating freshness. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

### An Inspector Calls

Tom Baker plays the detective in this Theatr Clwyd production of Priestley's play. With Pauline Jameson & Peter Baldwin. Westminster, Palace St, SW1 (834 0283, cc 834 0048).

### Julius Caesar

A straightforward production by Terry

Hands goes well except in the Forum scene where Mark Antony (Nicholas Farrell) has to face an invisible crowd represented by recorded noises. But there is excellent playing by Roger Allam as Brutus; & welcome speed carries the play through without an interval. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

### ★★ King Lear

Anthony Hopkins is a powerful Lear in David Hare's production, with Michael Bryant & Anna Massey. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc). REVIEWED FEB, 1987.

### ★ Kiss Me Kate

Paul Jones & Nichola McAuliffe are splendid as the strolling players performing *The Taming of the Shrew* at Baltimore. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821). REVIEWED APR, 1987.

### Let Us Go Then, You & I

Eileen Atkins, Edward Fox & Michael Gough bring Josephine Hart's celebration of the life & poetry of T. S. Eliot to the West End. Until July 18. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc).

### ★ Les Liaisons Dangereuses

From Choderlos de Laclos's epistolary novel Christopher Hampton has devised a subtly sustained play. Jonathan Hyde &

Eleanor David play the two late-18th-century aristocrats. Ambassadors, West St, WC2 (836 6111, cc 836 1171).

### Melon

Alan Bates plays a publisher who suffers a breakdown. Simon Gray's play is deemed unsuitable for the easily offended. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc).

### ★ The Merchant of Venice

Bill Alexander's more or less straight production has Antony Sher as a racially revengeful Shylock &, for once, a really memorable Antonio (John Carlisle) at the heart of an uncompromisingly anti-Semitic background. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

### A Midsummer Night's Dream

New production of the perennial Open Air favourite, with the theatre's artistic director, Ian Talbot, as Bottom. Open Air Theatre.

### ★ Les Misérables

This French-derived music-drama relies less upon its music than upon Victor Hugo's people & a spectacular RSC production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (434 0909, cc 379 6433).

### The Mousetrap

Agatha Christie's thriller, now in its 35th year. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

### ★ The Phantom of the Opera

Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical depends largely upon theatrical effects in a production by Harold Prince. Michael Crawford is cast richly as the disfigured phantom of the catacombs. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (839 2244, cc).

### Richard II

Barry Kyle's beautifully staged revival, with Jeremy Irons progressively persuasive as the King. Until July 18. Barbican, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

### Romeo & Juliet

Niamh Cusack's Juliet has grown in assurance since Stratford, but there is no reason for a modern-dress production by Michael Bogdanov which fills Verona with motor-vehicles &, in general, is indifferently spoken; Robert Demeger's Friar is an exception. Barbican.

### Rosencrantz & Guildenstern Are Dead

Mark Arden, Stephen Frost & Lionel Blair in Tom Stoppard's comedy, set during a production of *Hamlet*. Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (437 4506, cc 379 6565).

### Rosmersholm

Sarah Pia Anderson's production of one of Ibsen's gloomiest plays, in a new version by Frank McGuinness. It is brought to life now by Suzanne Bertish as the new woman of Rosmersholm, David Ryall as the excessively orthodox Kroll & Robert Eddison, whose brilliant incursions as the



tramping academic, Brendel, are all too brief. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

#### ★ Six Characters in Search of an Author

Pirandello's uncanny meeting between reality & illusion on the stage of an Italian theatre is performed now with imaginative craft under Michael Rudman's direction. Richard Pasco, Barbara Jefford & Lesley Sharp are excitingly right as three of the family who come from the darkness & into darkness go. Olivier.

#### ★ A Small Family Business

New play written & directed by Alan Ayckbourn about an unusually honest businessman played by Michael Gambon. Olivier.

#### ★ Starlight Express

Andrew Lloyd Webber has written this cheerful fantasy, Trevor Nunn directs, & the cast wears roller-skates. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262). REVIEWED MAY, 1984.

#### ★ Three Men on a Horse

In this National Theatre production Geoffrey Hutchings is, hilariously, the writer of greetings-card verses who also has the gift of picking racing winners. A trio of gamblers hopes to capitalize on his hobby. From July 15. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc 836 5645).

#### ★ Three Sisters

Elijah Moshinsky's production, from Greenwich, now with Francesca Annis, Sara Kestelman & Katharine Schlesinger, is as rich a revival of the Chekhovian masterpiece as we have had in years. Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

#### ★ Titus Andronicus

Shakespeare's early melodrama is placed uncompromisingly by Deborah Warner on a bare stage & in full light so that we miss none of the accumulating horrors. Brian Cox preserves the desperate agony of Titus, & Estelle Kohler is a merciless Tamora. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon.

#### ★ Tons of Money

Alan Ayckbourn's swift direction sustains the spirit of this "Aldwych" farce. Michael Gambon is the outrageous butler, Sprules. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc). REVIEWED DEC, 1986.

#### ★ Up on the Roof

This play, by Simon Moore & Jane Prowse, charts the lives of five former students who meet 10 years later to find their lives have not turned out as planned in 1975. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc 240 7200).

#### ★ A View From the Bridge

Alan Ayckbourn has made an uncommonly good job of directing Arthur Miller's near-classic. He is especially fortunate in Michael Gambon as the Brooklyn longshoreman. Cottesloe.

## FIRST NIGHTS

#### ★ The Balcony

Jean Genet's play, set in a brothel as clients act out their sexual fantasies, is the first in a major reappraisal by the RSC of the writer's work. Opens July 15. Barbican, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

#### ★ Fathers & Sons

Alec McCowen, Barbara Jefford & Richard Pasco in a new play by Brian Friel. Opens July 9. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

#### ★ Flight

Set in Lithuania & Rhodesia (later Zimbabwe) over a period of 50 years, David Lan's play tells of the attempts of three generations of a Jewish family to reconcile political & religious beliefs. Opens July 28. The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

#### ★ Follies

The line-up for the revival of this 1971 Broadway musical by Stephen Sondheim includes Diana Rigg, Julia McKenzie, Daniel Massey, David Healy, Dolores Gray, Margaret Courtenay, Leonard Sachs, Pearl Carr & Teddy Johnson. Opens July 21. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399, cc 379 4444).

#### ★ The Jew of Malta

Alun Armstrong plays Barabas, the usurer, in Barry Kyle's revival of Marlowe's play, thought to have influenced Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*. Opens July 14. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

#### ★ London International Festival of Theatre (LIFT)

For this biennial event companies from Australia, Argentina, Mexico & the Soviet Union join others from America, Spain, Canada, Nigeria, Belgium, South Africa, Italy & Britain for three weeks of circus, satire, opera, plays & cabaret in several London venues. July 13-Aug 2. Details from LIFT, 28 Neal St, WC2 (379 0769).

#### ★ Mean Tears

New play by Peter Gill about a love affair between two men, played by Bill Nighy & Karl Johnson. Opens July 22. Cottesloe, National Theatre, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

#### ★ Public Enemy

Kenneth Branagh leads the Renaissance Theatre Company in his own play set in Ireland. Opens July 15. Lyric Hammer-smith, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

#### ★ Serious Money

Caryl Churchill's comedy about the Big Bang & City scandals, with Paul Moriarty as an American stockbroker, transfers from the Royal Court. Opens July 6. Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 4444).

#### ★ The Storm

Nick Hamm directs Ostrovsky's play about 19th-century provincial Russian life, with Janet McTeer as a woman who takes a lover to escape from her husband. Opens July 13. The Pit.

#### ★ They Shoot Horses Don't They?

Stage version of Horace McCoy's novella about couples competing in a dance marathon during the American Depression. With Imelda Staunton, Paul Greenwood, & Henry Goodman as the MC. Directed by Ron Daniels. Opens July 16. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568 cc).

#### ★ Twelfth Night

Antony Sher plays Malvolio, with Deborah Findlay as Olivia & Harriet Walter as Viola in Bill Alexander's revival of Shakespeare's comedy. Opens July 7. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

## CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes often change at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times.

#### ★ Black Widow (15)

The glamorous Theresa Russell makes a habit of marrying & poisoning rich men, assuming a new identity after inheriting each fortune. Debra Winger is a workaholic federal agent who investigates her & strikes up a relationship. Bob Rafelson's excellent thriller, scripted by Ron Bass, is less a suspense story, more an examination of two sides of the feminine psyche, with a surprising outcome. Opens July 24. Leicester Square Theatre, WC2 (930 5252, cc 839 1759). SEE HIGHLIGHTS P16.

#### ★ Brighton Beach Memoirs (15)

Neil Simon's semi-autobiographical film of a Jewish childhood skilfully blends



The new 007: Timothy Dalton in *The Living Daylights*.

warmth, comedy & nostalgia. Jonathan Silverman plays Simon's youthful *alter ego*. REVIEWED JUNE, 1987.

#### ★ A Chronicle of a Death Foretold (15)

In Francesco Rosi's film, set in a timeless, remote South American community, a wealthy stranger (Rupert Everett) decides to marry a local girl (Ornella Muti), but returns her to her parents on the wedding night when he discovers she is not a virgin. She names her seducer & her brothers publicly vow to kill him.

#### ★ The Living Daylights (PG)

Timothy Dalton makes a solemn Bond after Roger Moore, but the exotic locations, action & stunts are as spectacular as ever in John Glen's film, which has both the British secret service & the KGB trying to nail a shady pair of international arms & drugs dealers. It is the first post-Aids Bond film, with 007 more discriminating than usual, treating Maryam D'Abo, a defected Czech cellist, with uncustomary restraint. Opens June 30. Odeons, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111, cc 839 1929), Marble Arch, W1 (723 2011). Royal charity première in the presence of the Prince & Princess of Wales in aid of The Prince's Trust. June 29. Odeon, Leicester Sq.

#### ★ The Morning After (15)

Jane Fonda plays an alcoholic faded actress who, after a blackout, wakes up next to a murdered man & tries to remember if she did it. Jeff Bridges is a prematurely retired policeman sucked into her nightmare. Sidney Lumet's film shows two wounded people facing up to an enveloping miasma of evil.

#### ★ Radio Days (PG)

With genial whimsicality Woody Allen evokes his Jewish Long Island childhood through a parade of episodes & encounters. The huge cast includes Dianne Wiest, Mia Farrow & a brief appearance by Diane Keaton as a nightclub singer. Seth Green plays the 12-year-old central character. REVIEWED JUNE, 1987.

#### ★ Raising Arizona (15)

Joel & Ethan Coen have written this satisfying story of an unconventional but endearing couple with an obsessive desire for a child. With Nicolas Cage & Holly Hunter; directed by Joel Coen. Opens July 3. Cannons, Haymarket, SW1 (839 1527), Chelsea, 279 King's Rd, SW3 (352 5096, cc), Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 6148); Screen on the Green, Upper St, N1 (226 3520). REVIEW ON P64.

#### ★ Ratboy (15)

Sondra Locke appears in, & makes her directing debut with this film about a young woman who takes on the management & promotion of a bizarre freak, a mutant who is part-rat. It is an odd mixture: horror movie, chase thriller, satire on media hype, romantic drama. In spite of Rick Baker's extraordinary make-up effects with the ratboy, it somehow fails to fire on all cylinders.

#### ★ The Secret of My Success (PG)

Michael J. Fox is a diminutive, ambitious lad from Kansas out to make good in New York. Employed in the mailroom of a big company, he poses as an executive, is seduced by the boss's wife & foils a crafty takeover plan, while frantically keeping up the dual identity. Herbert Ross's snappy corporate comedy was scripted by the year's hot team, Jim Cash & Jack Epps Jr who were responsible for last year's successful *Top Gun*.

#### ★ Something Wild (18)

Melanie Griffith plays a strange, sexy girl in a Louise Brooks wig who hijacks a lunching Wall Street Yuppie, Jeff Daniels. She takes him to a New Jersey motel & then on a strange odyssey back to her roots & her patient mother. The director Jonathan Demme subtly shifts the mood from wacky comedy to drama with menaces when her psychopathic husband, Ray Liotta, appears. Opens July 3. Leicester Square Theatre.

#### ★ Streets of Gold (15)

Klaus Maria Brandauer plays a Russian ex-boxing champion living in seedy exile in Brooklyn. He coaches two youths for an amateur tournament against his former country. The director, Joe Roth, treads an uncertain path between the standard boxing drama & the more stimulating theme of the stranger in a strange land.

#### ★ The Whistle Blower (PG)

Michael Caine uncovers a nest of traitors at GCHQ, Cheltenham. Simon ➡➡➡



## CINEMA continued

Langton's direction gives an edge to Julian Bond's modish screenplay which seems to touch sensitive areas.

### Certificates

U = unrestricted.

PG = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15 = no admittance under 15 years.

18 = no admittance under 18 years.

## MUSIC

### ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212, cc 589 9465).

Henry Wood Promenade Concerts. July 17-Sept 12; 7.30pm unless otherwise stated.

**BBC Symphony Orchestra, Chorus & Singers.** John Pritchard conducts Janáček's Sinfonietta & Tippett's A Child of our Time. July 17.

**Endymion Ensemble & BBC Singers** perform Stravinsky's Les Noces; Merce Cunningham Dance Company give John Cage's Roaratorio, an Irish Circus on Finnegans Wake. July 19.

**BBC Symphony Orchestra.** Ida Haendal celebrates the 50th anniversary of her Proms debut by playing the solo part in Britten's Violin Concerto, conducted by John Pritchard. July 20.

**London Sinfonietta.** Oliver Knussen conducts extracts from his own *Where the Wild Things Are* & works by Birtwistle, Matthews, Crosse, Britten. July 21.

**New London Consort.** Philip Pickett conducts dance and dance-songs from medieval Europe. St Paul's Church, Knightsbridge, SW1. July 22, 10pm.

**BBC Symphony Orchestra.** Richard Buckley conducts Medea's Meditation & Dance of Vengeance by Barber, Liszt's Dance of Death & the world première of Holt's Syrensong, followed by Sibelius's Symphony No 2. July 27.

**BBC Welsh Symphony Orchestra & Chorus.** Roger Norrington conducts the ballet music from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, Shostakovich's Concerto for Piano, Trumpet & String Orchestra & Haydn's Harmoniemesse. July 29.

**The Consort of Musicke.** Anthony Rooley directs Songs for Prince Henry, eldest son of James I, by Ward, Campion, Tomkins, Coprario. St Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. July 30, 10pm.

### BARRICAN HALL

Silk St, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

**Opening Night at the Pops.** First of 10 concerts featuring the London Symphony Orchestra, John Dankworth as conductor & soloist, Cleo Laine, Paul & Maud Teltel, Stéphane Grappelli, Jacques Loussier (SEE HIGHLIGHTS P15), Miles Kingston, Count Basie Orchestra, National Youth Jazz Orchestra & others. July 7-20.

**Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.** Paavo Berglund conducts Sibelius's Violin Concerto, with Xue Wei, winner of the 1986 Carl Flesch International Violin Competition, as soloist, & Beethoven's Symphony No 4. July 8, 7.45pm.

**Opera Gala Night.** Josephine Barstow is the soloist in a programme of operatic excerpts from Verdi, Puccini, Gounod, Bizet, Mascagni. July 11, 8pm.

### CITY OF LONDON FESTIVAL

Box office: St Paul's Churchyard, EC4 (236 2801). July 5-25.

Concerts in City churches & livery halls, lunchtime prose & poetry readings, international organ festival & Lieder competition, bell-ringing, dance, jazz & a City music trail.

### FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

**Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.** André Previn conducts two concerts of highlights from Gershwin's *Porgy & Bess*, with Bruce Hubbard as Porgy & Laverne Williams as Bess. July 4, 5, 7.30pm.

**London Mozart Players,** London Choral Society, Beethoven's Missa Solemnis, conducted by Jane Glover. July 8, 7.30pm.

**Shakespeare Gala Concert.** Edward Downes conducts the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra in works by Maxwell Davies, Birtwistle, Elgar, Getty, Walton, inspired by the dramatist. July 10, 7.30pm.

**Choral Society of Southern California & Citrus College Choir** with the **Philharmonia Orchestra** perform Brahms's German Requiem under Nick Strimble. July 13, 7.30pm.

**National Festival of Music for Youth.** 5,000 young musicians, aged from five to 23, perform in orchestras, brass, wind & jazz bands, chamber groups & choirs. July 14-18.

**Royal Philharmonic Orchestra,** under Peter Tiboris, with massed choirs from the USA, perform Verdi's Requiem. July 19, 7.30pm.

### KENWOOD LAKESIDE

Hampstead Lane, NW3. Box office: South Bank Centre (see Festival Hall).

**American Independence Day Concert** by the Young Musicians' Symphony Orchestra: Bernstein, Gershwin, Sousa, with fireworks. July 4, 8pm.

**Gershwin Anniversary Concert** by London Schools Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Jane Glover. July 11, 8pm.

**London Mozart Players.** Jane Glover conducts Mozart & Beethoven. July 18, 8pm.

**London Symphony Orchestra.** Norman Del Mar conducts Rachmaninov & Dvořák. July 25, 8pm.

### MARBLE HILL RIVERSIDE

Richmond Rd, Twickenham, Middx. Box office: South Bank Centre (see Festival Hall).

**Fireworks & Brass:** Brighouse & Rastick Band play popular light classics. July 5, 7.30pm.

**Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.** Howard Snell conducts Mendelssohn, Arnold, Haydn. July 12, 7.30pm.

**Riverside Jazz** by Acker Bilk & his Paramount Jazz Band, Humphrey Lyttelton and his Band. July 19, 7.30pm.

**London Mozart Players.** Jane Glover conducts Mendelssohn, Mozart, Delius. July 26, 7.30pm.

### QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

South Bank Centre (see Festival Hall).

**Music of the Royal Courts:** a celebra-



Chalk study for *The Paralyzed Father* by Jean-Baptiste Greuze, part of the Woodner Collection at the Royal Academy from July 10.

tion of royal patronage of music, now mainly historical, in the courts of Africa & the Orient. Most of the music played has never been heard in Britain & many of the musicians will be leaving their countries for the first time. July 6-18, 7.30pm.

**Sanskritik:** 17th Festival of Arts of India. Songs, music & dance in classical & traditional styles. July 21-25.

## OPERA

### GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA

Glyndebourne, Lewes, E Sussex (0273 541111). Until Aug 22.

★ **La traviata.** Production by Peter Hall. June 26, 29, July 2, 5. REVIEW ON P65.

★ **Così fan tutte.** Lothar Zagrosek conducts with Gabriele Fontana, Isobel Buchanan, Frank Lopardo & Dale Duesing. June 27, 30, July 4, 10, 12, 16, 19, 24.

★ **Capriccio.** Revival of John Cox's production in Martin Battersby & Dennis Lennon's elegant designs, with Felicity Lott as the Countess, David Kuebler as Flamand, Peter Weber as Olivier, Anne Howells as Clairon, Olaf Bär as the Count. Hugues Cuenod, who is 85 this summer, returns to Glyndebourne to sing M Taupé. July 6, 9, 11, 13, 15, 18, 21, 23, 26.

**L'Heure espagnole & L'Enfant et les sortilèges.** Simon Rattle conducts this Ravel double bill in a new production by Frank Corsaro, designed by Maurice Sendak. Casts include Mariana Cioromila, Philip Langridge, Cynthia Buchan, Fiona Kimm, Lillian Watson. July 22, 25, 29, 30.

### ★ KIROV OPERA

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

First visit to Britain of one of the great

Soviet opera companies who bring productions of *The Queen of Spades*, *Eugene Onegin* and *Boris Godunov*. All three are conducted by Yuri Temirkanov who also produces the two Tchaikovsky operas. July 28-Aug 8.

### ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

**Il barbiere di Siviglia.** Leo Nucci sings Figaro, with Lucia Valentini-Terrani as Rosina & Deon van der Walt as Almaviva. June 27, July 2, 4.

★ **La Bohème.** With Ilona Tokody as Mimì, David Rendall as Rodolfo, Thomas Allen as Marcello. June 29, July 1.

**Die Frau ohne Schatten.** Christoph von Dohnányi conducts this revival of an operanotseeninLondonfor10years, with Gwyneth Jones as Barak's Wife, Siegmund Nimsgern as Barak, Ruth Falcon as the Empress, Robert Schunk as the Emperor. June 30, July 3, 8, 11, 14, 17.

**Fidelio.** Return of Andrei Serban's controversial production, which would be more satisfactory if stripped of some of the designer's gimmickry. Colin Davis again conducts, with Elizabeth Connell as Leonora & Klaus König from East Germany as Florestan. July 9, 13, 15, 18.

## BALLET

### ★★ BOLSHOI BALLET ACADEMY

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

65 young dancers & graduates of the Bolshoi Ballet Academy aged 16 to 24 on a six-week tour of Britain bring extracts from the classics, divertissements & folk dances. July 21-Aug 1.



★★**MERCE CUNNINGHAM DANCE COMPANY**

Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

The Grand Old Man of the avant-garde returns with a repertory that includes five new works—and he will dance at every performance. July 21-Aug 1.

**THE LINDSAY KEMP COMPANY**

Sadler's Wells.

**Flowers**, based on Genet's *Our Lady of the Flowers*. July 2-6.

**The Big Parade**, Kemp's vision of Hollywood in the silent era. July 8-11.

★**LONDON FESTIVAL BALLET**

London Coliseum.

**Romeo & Juliet**, Ashton's small-scale version. Nureyev dances Mercutio for the first three nights & Sat matinée. July 7 (royal gala), 11 m & e.

**Quadruple bill:** *La Bayadère*, Makarova dances in her production of the classic; *A Winged*, a new *pas de deux* by Kevin Haigen, with Makarova; Ashton's *Apparitions*, again with Makarova; Béjart's version of *Bolero*. July 13 (royal gala), 14.

**Quadruple bill:** Christopher Bruce's *The World Again*, danced to Geoffrey Burgon's score; Petit's *Carmen* & Balanchine's *Symphony in C*; *pas de deux* by Kevin Haigen. July 15, 16.

**Onegin**, choreography Cranko, with Makarova as Tatiana. July 17, 18 m & e. Festival Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

**Coppélia**, the popular living-doll ballet in Ronald Hynd's version. Nureyev dances Franz on July 28, 29, 30. July 28-Aug 8.

★★**NATIONAL BALLET OF CANADA**

London Coliseum.

**Alice**. Glen Tetley's exploration of the relationship between Lewis Carroll & Alice, seen through the eyes of the adult Alice Hargreaves. With Balanchine's lovely *Serenade*. June 30-July 4.

**ROYAL BALLET**

The Big Top, Battersea Park, SW11 (240 1066).

**La Fille mal gardée**. Ashton's pastoral delight, embellished by Osbert Lancaster's witty designs. July 27-30.

**Triple bill:** *The Dream*, Ashton's vision of the Shakespeare comedy set to Mendelssohn; *new ballet* by Ashley Page, danced to Colin Matthews's *Suns Dance*; *Elite Syncopations*, MacMillan's honky-tonk vision of a dance competition, with Scott Joplin accompaniments. July 31, Aug 1.

★**ROYAL BALLET SCHOOL**

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

**Divertissements**, *Swan Lake* Act III & Messer's *Class Ballet*. July 10, 16.

## GALLERIES

**ALPINE GALLERY**

74 South Audley St, W1 (629 2280).

**Summer Exhibition** of the fine art bureau "Interesting Things for Interesting People". Work by the seascape artist Roderick Lovesey captures the worldwide expeditions, Operations Drake (1978-80) & Raleigh (1984-88). His paintings & prints of two of the works will be sold in support of Operation Raleigh. July 7-11. Tues-Fri 10am-5pm.

**BARBICAN**

EC2 (638 4141).

**A Paradise Lost: The Neo-Romantic Imagination in British Art, 1935-55.**

The Neo-Romantic phase in British 20th-century painting got rather short shrift in the Royal Academy's recent block-buster survey. This show casts its net widely—bringing in photography & films in addition to painting—and should do something to right the injustice. Until July 19. Tues-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Sun noon-5.45pm. £2.50, concessions £1.25.

**CADOGAN CONTEMPORARY ART**

108 Draycott Pl, SW3 (581 5451).

**Olivier Raab**. Younger French painters seldom show in London now. Raab, who was born in Paris but studied in London, has exhibited in Paris, Brussels, Rome & Los Angeles. The work shown here is less realist than earlier work—the basic image is that of the ship as an oversized industrial construction. July 6-31. Mon-Fri 10am-7pm, Sat until 5pm.

**HAYWARD GALLERY**

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144).

**Gilbert & George**. As the row over the recent award to them of the Turner prize showed, Gilbert & George have lost none of their power to irritate & offend. This exhibition is sure to revive the quarrel. The artists see urban Britain as an unholy mixture of skinhead football hooligans & down-&-outs. Add an ambiguous right-wing patriotism & an equally ambiguous religiosity, a touch of scatology, some obscene graffiti & stir vigorously. You may hate this show but you won't forget it. July 9-Sept 29. Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. £3, concessions & everybody all day Mon & after 6pm Tues & Wed £1.50.

**ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS**

Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

**219th Summer Exhibition.** Until Aug 23. REVIEW ON P 64.

**The Woodner Collection.** A chance to see the most distinguished private collection of Old Master drawings assembled in recent years, including studies by Cellini & Greuze. July 10-Oct 25.

Daily 10am-6pm. £2.50, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £1.70, children £1.25.

**TATE GALLERY**

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

**George Price Boyce** (1826-97). Sixty of Boyce's watercolours & one oil make up this exhibition. He painted Thames Valley scenes & in the 1850s & 60s produced highly-coloured Pre-Raphaelite landscapes. Until Aug 16.

**Mark Rothko** (1903-70). Major retrospective containing 100 works in oil, acrylic & watercolours, beginning in the 1920s & ending with the picture Rothko was working on when he took his own life. Until Aug 31.

Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5pm.

**WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY**

Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

**Jacob Epstein: Sculpture & Drawings.** Epstein's reputation, once at a low ebb, is rapidly reviving. July 3-Sept 13. Tues-Fri & Sun 11am-5pm, Wed until 8pm.

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## MUSEUMS

### BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

**As Good As Gold: 300 Years of British Banknote Design.** Produced in association with the Bank of England, this exhibition studies the changes in paper money from the Bank's foundation in 1694 to the latest technology in printing & manufacture. There is a special section on forgery & abuse. July 16-Nov 29.

**Ceramic Art of the Italian Renaissance.** Richly-coloured earthenware majolica from 15th- & 16th-century Italy based on the Museums outstanding collection. Until Sept 20.

Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

### HORNIMAN MUSEUM

London Rd, Forest Hill, SE23 (699 1872).



**Ramayana—The Story of Prince Rama's Life in Ancient India.** Rama is believed to have been an incarnation of the God Vishnu, preserver of mankind. Exiled from his father's kingdom, he returned to reclaim it after 14 years in the forest. This delightful exhibition tells the epic tale with costumes & masks from Bengal, above, used in village performances of the *Ramayana*, videos & devotional objects. Until Feb, 1988. Mon-Sat 10.30am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

### MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

**Londoners: The Way We Were.** A social history of the capital in paintings, drawings & prints. Until Aug 2.

**Marking Time.** A photographic show capturing London life: street scenes, the city during the Second World War, fashion and the Thames. Special sections on suburbia, Soho & restaurants, with much work by students at the London College of Printing. July 7-Oct 4.

Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

### SCIENCE MUSEUM

Exhibition Rd, SW7 (589 3456).

**German Designs: Images of Quality.** A series of case studies illustrates the brilliance of German industrial design: BMW, Daimler-Benz, Braun & Bosch among many others. Until Oct 18. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

### THEATRE MUSEUM

Russell St, WC2 (836 7891).

The Victoria & Albert Museum's vast collection of theatrical left-overs: everything from programmes & prompt books to memorabilia from music halls, the circus

& pop. Tues-Sun 11am-7pm. £2.25, concessions £1.25.

### VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371).

**Susie Cooper Productions.** A tribute to the ceramic designer who received an OBE in 1979. Until Sept 6.

Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. Voluntary donation, suggested £2, concessions 50p.

## LECTURES

### INDEPENDENT ARTS

Arts Centre, 98 High St, Croydon (688 8624).

**Charleston & Bloomsbury.** Quentin Bell talks on Charleston, the Bloomsbury set's Sussex retreat, now restored & open to the public. July 14, 8pm. £1.

**Lawrence & His Letters** by Keith Sagar. The letters of D. H. Lawrence are now being published by Cambridge University Press. Keith Sagar is editing the seventh & final volume. July 18, 7pm. £1. Followed at 9pm by the film *Priest of Love*, about the writer's life. £2.25.

### MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

**Jewish East End Series.** *Jewish Immigrants & Their Culture* by Prof Chimen Abramsky, July 1; *East End Hospitals & The Jews* by Gerry Black, July 8; *The East End Jewish Kitchen* by Evelyn Rose, July 15. All at 1.10pm.

### ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Piccadilly, W1 (437 9120).

**Reynolds Lecture For 1987.** Sir Hugh Casson will talk on John Ruskin, "The Tumbled Giant", who Casson believes is long overdue for reassessment. July 23, 8pm, reception 7pm. £15, including drinks & private view of the Summer Exhibition. Send sae to The Reynolds Lecture for 1987, Royal Academy Trust Office, as above.

### STRAWBERRY HILL SUMMER SCHOOL

**The Gothic Urge: Strawberry Hill & the Wilder Side of Romanticism,** Aug 2-8, is one of several one-week courses in art, theatre & architecture being offered from July 26-Aug 8 at Horace Walpole's "gothick" villa by the Thames. Details from Strawberry Hill Arts & Heritage Summer School, St Mary's College, Twickenham, TW1 4SX (892 0051).

## SALEROOMS

Prices quoted are saleroom estimates.

### BONHAMS

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

**English Watercolours.** Includes rural scenes: *Sheep by a Riverbank* by Thomas Sidney Cooper (£300-£500), *Children by a Mill* by Myles Birket Foster (£800-£1,200), & *Harvesters* by William Wilde (£600-£800). July 1, 11am.

**Picture Frames.** 18th- to 20th-century carved frames with estimates from £50. July 2, 11am.

### CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, St James's, SW1 (839 9060).

**Old Master Drawings.** Sixteen works from the collection at Chatsworth are expected to fetch £5 million. There are

two studies in red chalk by Raphael, four landscapes by Rembrandt & one drawing by van Dyck. July 6, 6.30pm.

**Antiquities.** Fourteen classical sculptures from Marbury Hall, Cheshire, are expected to fetch around £500,000. The collection of Roman statues & busts, from the first and second centuries AD, was made by James Smith Barry in about 1766. The sale will also include 21 lots of ancient goldwork jewels & a gold chain of the third century BC with a medallion commemorating Gordian III's crossing of the Hellespont (£100,000). July 10, 11am.

### CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON

85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 7611).

**19th- & 20th-Century Illustrations & Books.** Works by Arthur Rackham, W. Heath Robinson, H. E. Bateman & Max Beerbohm. July 1, 5pm.

### Albert Thomas Pile (1882-1981).

300-400 watercolours & drawings, many of London, offer a good opportunity for modest collectors with most items in the £50-£100 bracket. July 16, 10.30am.

### PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

**Traditional Rivercraft** to be sold at the Boat Tents, Henley-on-Thames. A good selection of punts, skiffs & dinghies, plus rowing ephemera. July 11, 1pm.

### SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

**Remaining Contents of the Studio of René Magritte.** Paintings, ceramics, sculpture, prints & letters—property of the late Georgette Berger, widow of the Belgian Surrealist Magritte, which is expected to fetch a total £1½ million. July 2, 2.30pm. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P19.

**European Works of Art.** Highlight is a Byzantine mosaic, below, found last year



in a Victorian church. The Church of Wales can expect it to fetch more than £250,000. July 9, 10.30am & 2.30pm.

**Naïve & Provincial Art.** Paintings of prize livestock include a portrait of a champion hog by John Miles of North-leach (£2,000-£3,000). Among textiles is a Charles II embroidered stumpwork picture of a king & nobleman surrounded by birds & beasts (£4,000-£6,000) & an early-19th-century patchwork quilt with a pattern of birds & flowers (£500-£900). Other lots of furniture, treen, pottery & decoy ducks. July 14, 10.30am & 2.30pm.

## SPORT

### ATHLETICS

**Peugeot Talbot Games,** Crystal Palace, SE19. July 10.

**McVitie's Challenge:** England v USA (men), Alexander Stadium, Birmingham. July 17.

**Kodak AAA National Championships,** Crystal Palace. July 31, Aug 1.

### CRICKET

**Cornhill Insurance Test series:** England v Pakistan, Third Test match, Headingley, Leeds, July 2-4, 6, 7; Fourth Test match Edgbaston, Birmingham, July 23-25, 27, 28.

**Oxford v Cambridge,** Lord's. July 1-3.

**Benson & Hedges Cup final,** Lord's. July 11.

### CROQUET

**Open Championships,** Hurlingham, SW6. July 11-18.

**Pro-celebrity match** in aid of the Mental Health Foundation, Leeds Castle, near Maidstone, Kent. July 31-Aug 2.

### GOLF

**Bell's Scottish Open,** Gleneagles Hotel, Tayside. July 8-11.

**La Manga Ladies' European Open,** Ferndown GC, Wimborne, Dorset. July 9-12.

**116th Open Golf Championship,** Muirfield GC, Gullane, Lothian. July 16-19.

### HORSE RACING

**Coral-Eclipse Stakes,** Sandown Park, Esher, Surrey. July 4.

**King George VI & Queen Elizabeth Diamond Stakes,** Ascot, Berks. July 25.

**"Glorious Goodwood",** W Sussex. July 28-Aug 1.

### MOTOR RACING

**British Grand Prix,** Silverstone, Northants. July 12.

### POLO

**Cartier International:** England v N America; Prince of Wales's Team v Peru; Windsor. July 26.

### ROWING

**Henley Royal Regatta,** Henley-upon-Thames, Oxon. July 1-5.

### TENNIS

**The Championships,** All England Club, Wimbledon, SW19. June 22-July 5.

## BOOK NOW

**Horse of the Year Show,** Wembley Arena, Oct 5-10. Booking opens July 1. Box Office, Wembley Stadium, Wembley, Middx (902 1234, cc).

**Opera Factory,** Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1, Aug 1-22. Telephone booking opens July 8 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

**Panasonic European Open Golf Championships,** Walton Heath, Surrey, Sept 10-13. Contact Ticket Master, 78 St Martin's Lane, WC2 (240 6871, cc).

**Contributors:** Angela Bird, Margaret Davies, Edward Lucie-Smith, George Perry, Sally Richardson, Ursula Robertshaw, J. C. Trewin. Information is correct at time of going to press. Add 01- in front of London numbers if calling from outside the capital.



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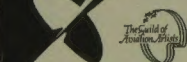
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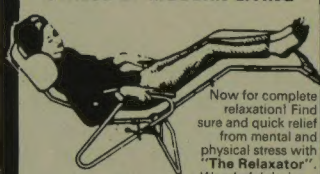
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## Home thoughts from abroad

Oliver Pritchett wishes he were here

The dog is unforgiving. It has returned from the de luxe four-star boarding kennels with a secret psychological scar. The cat has pointedly transferred its affections to the woman two doors away who kindly popped in to feed it. The tomato plants, which you have loved and watched over since they were mere seedlings, have, in your absence, shot up to the height of 4 feet 5 inches then blown over in the devastating typhoon which swept across Britain and which, strangely enough, was not reported in any of the Greek newspapers. Under the tangle of greenery, a dozen snow-white tomatoes lie on the soil where they have been hollowed out by slugs and ants.

One hideously-contorted cucumber remains. It must have suffered dreadfully.

There is a stale smell in the house and a small mountain of musty brown envelopes on the doormat and a fond note from the gas-meter reader who says he is sorry you were out when he called. Welcome back. Did you have a nice holiday? I must say you look very brown.

That sun-tan may have been a social necessity in Corfu and *de rigueur* in St Tropez but it won't wash with the people back here. When they remark on how brown you look there is something patronizing in their tone, something superior about their pallor. They always suspected you of a tendency to narcissism. It is pretty plain to them that you did not spend much time looking round interesting churches.

Your tan is reproached by the pale faces of the back-up squad who supported you while you were away—the cat-feeder, the plant-waterer and the valiant volunteers of the Neighbourhood Watch who kept up a 24-hour vigil.

You are observed as you return home. Eyes scan the clinking duty-free carrier bag and the frivolous bleached hair on your forearms. While you have been away sunning yourself, some people have been facing up to Real Life.

It is better not to come back

with a sun-tan; more laudable to return with a mild but interesting tropical disease, a duelling scar or a limp.

You go to the office. "Anything been happening while I was away?" you ask. The welcome is something less than tumultuous. Three-quarters of the people have clearly failed even to notice your fortnight's absence. "Nothing much," they say. "Same old thing." That is how they sum up two weeks of the most fascinating and intense office politics. It has been so exciting that they have quite forgotten to Sellotape your witty postcard to the partition. At least your desk is still there, though something tells

I must admit this is all really due to the dread of missing something while I am away. It is the fear of not being there when the tomatoes go through the interesting age, of being absent at the time of the *coup d'état* in the accounts department, of not being at home to watch the brown envelopes arriving one by one.

I cannot understand those people who boast that they forget about everything while they are away, never give a moment's thought to the office, wouldn't dream of looking at a newspaper, don't ever wonder what is happening in the house and behave as if their dog, their

understood one word, but now I need some news from England. A snippet about the dreariest industrial dispute would help. I wonder how the dear old Bank Rate is getting on. It has been a week now and not a word about Fergie. I hope she is all right.

If I catch sight of a man with a three-day old copy of *The Daily Telegraph* I follow him around for the next three days, lurking in the shadows, dodging from palm tree to palm tree, until he leads me to the shop where he got it.

Or I pay a daily visit to the local airport, explaining that I am just going to re-confirm the re-confirmation of the return air tickets so that I can possibly take the opportunity to sidle up to the fresh batch of in-coming holiday-makers and ask for the latest reports of miscarriages, fatal diseases, marriage break-ups and bankruptcies in *EastEnders*.

I might put in a long-distance telephone call to the cat, affect concern for its welfare and pump it for gossip.

There is one thing that everybody gets wrong about holidays. The people who ought to be sending postcards are the ones who are left at home; they ought to be giving the news to the ones who have gone abroad. "Two days of rain, but weather lovely now. Lots to do here. Visited Sainsbury's and spent a fascinating afternoon on Tuesday looking round do-it-yourself store. Bank Rate unchanged, another football manager has been sacked, your overflow pipe dripping. Must close now as postal sorters are working to rule. Regret your tomatoes storm-damaged. Gerald sends regards." Then on the other side there would be a photograph of the Houses of Parliament, a red London bus or Horse Guards Parade.

Yes, the foreign food and drink are lovely, the sun is OK, the people are perfectly charming and the sea is a lot better than expected. But what is going on back home? There is just one snag about holidays abroad—you have to get away from it all. ○ Oliver Pritchett is a columnist on the *Sunday Telegraph*.

‘The important thing about travel is not the getting there, but the getting back.’

you that the office Goldilocks has been sitting at it. Nobody seems to want to know about the wonderful little taverna you discovered which only the locals go to. People become absorbed in their work at the slightest glimpse of the yellow of a wallet of photographs.

The important thing about travel is not the getting there, but the getting back. That is why I do all I can to resist holidays, why I pose (unconvincingly) as a workaholic, find reasons not to book, become nervous at the sight of one of those brochures, wince at the colour photographs of sea-blue swimming pools and swimming-pool-green seas. Just a picture of a stretch of white or golden sand brings out a psychosomatic itch between my toes.

Surely it is nobler to be pale and interesting, more rewarding to feed the neighbour's cat, worthier to watch over their house-plants in intensive care?

cat and their tomatoes never existed.

Of course I surrender in the end and I go quietly. You may have seen me on holiday abroad. I am the one who jingles his English coins in his pocket to remind him of home. I am the one who stumbles along the beach muttering about central heating switches, double-locking front doors and cancelling milk, in the hope of unsettling some of those people roasting their bodies in the sun and basting them with sweet-smelling oils.

I am the man in the terrace bar with the restless, watchful eyes and the tendency to fidget and look over my shoulder. No thank you, waiter, I do not want another sangria, I am just looking out for somebody reading an English newspaper. I have seen all the headlines on the sports' page of the Spanish paper that man over there is reading at the table 30 feet away and I have





## The Star.

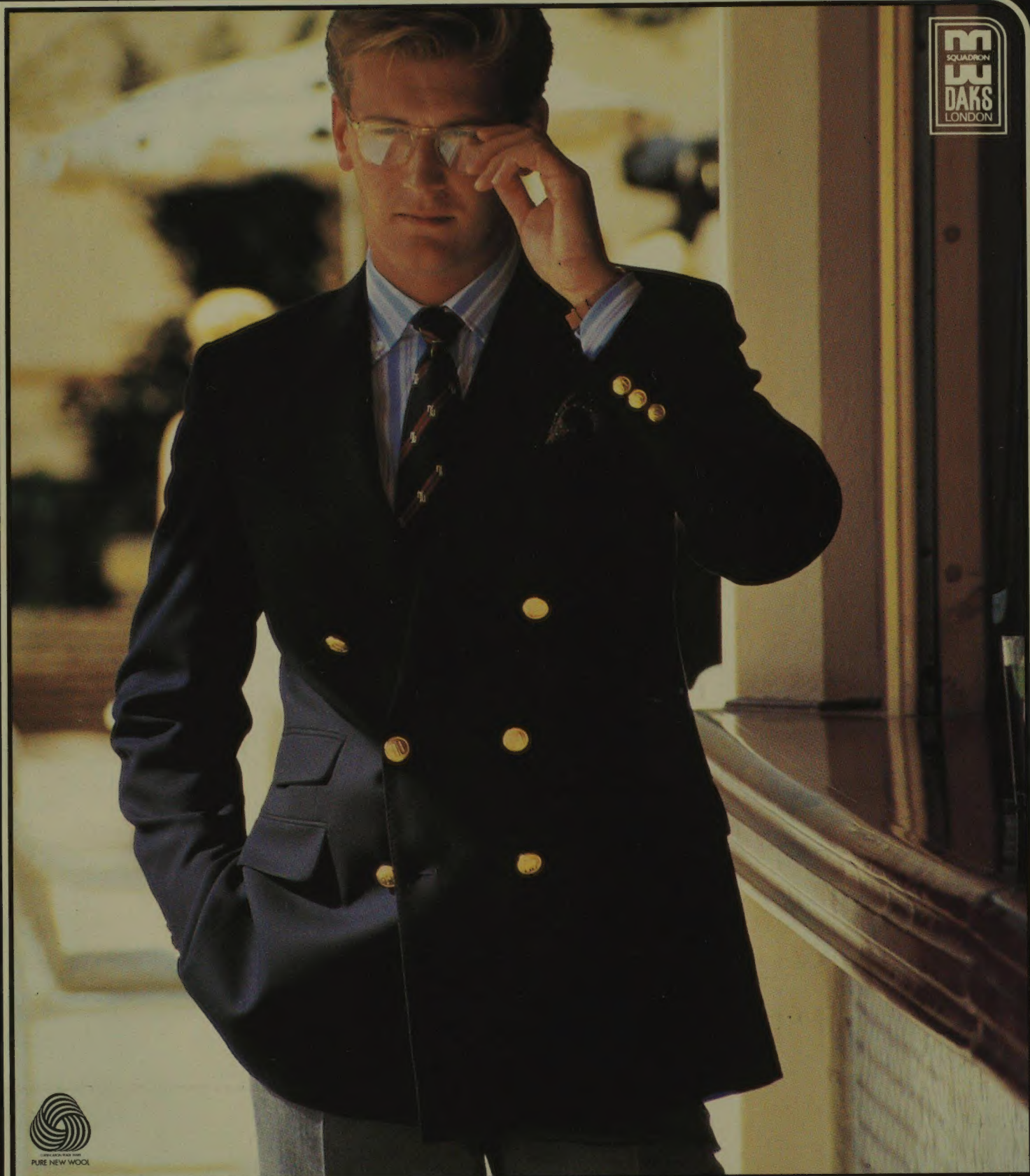
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